

APRIL 1897.

NEW SERIES. PART VI.

# THE LEISURE HOUR



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ON THE TRAIL OF THE BUFFALO.

## DONAL' SCRIMGEOUR'S CONSCIENCE.



DONAL' CLUTCHED AT THE RACK, AND WAITED FOR THE SPLINTERING OF THE WOODWORK.

### CHAPTER I.

"THEM 'at finds, keeps," said to himself Donal' Scrimgeour, joiner and precentor, widower and householder, of the little parish of Dubford. He said this as establishing a formal claim to the contents, whatever they might be, of the washleather purse he had just picked up on the high road. He hoped it would contain no clue to its owner, as then his conscience would, he knew, insist on its return. It contained, as it happened, but one shilling, three coppers, a C.T.C. badge, and the return half of a tourist railway ticket available from Edinburgh to London. That a cyclist had dropped it was confirmed by the single wheel-track beside which it had lain; but what cyclist out of the hundreds who daily pass along the high road? Donal' told his conscience at once, and very decidedly, that he was not bound to go

out of his way to inquire. If he met anyone between this place and his own door who appeared to be looking for anything, and could describe the purse and its contents, he would of course hand it over; but such Quixotry as strenuously looking for the owner, or advertising, or going back to the police-office at Drumknowe with it, was not to be expected of him.

He shouldered his tools again, pocketed his find, and resumed his way home. Donal', it must be explained, was a born economist—parsimonious with a consistency that had earned him amongst his easy-going and thriftless neighbours the name of miser. They respected him, because he was steady and independent, and they liked him, because his eccentric and penurious ways supplied them with gossip and amusement.

He could not bear (and the instinct had become a passion as he grew older) to see

anything wasted. He rose earlier and earlier in the long Scotch summer mornings, to get the good of all the available daylight for his work. In his food and clothes he exercised the same painful care to get the full value of every penny spent: and when he worked on a time job those who employed him observed that every minute was scrupulously charged.

To such a mind, naturally the first question that occurred in regard to the purse and its contents was, how to make the most of them. The money, small as it proved, he could easily lay out to the saving of his own pocket, in his own personally conducted housekeeping; but the ticket, worth a pound sterling he was sure,—could he sell it?—and how? If he only knew anyone wanting to go to London! It would expire on December 31: it would be wasted—a thing worth much money, wasted—unless some one got the good of it before then. This was the end of September: unless it were used during the next three months it would be utterly wasted! Suddenly, as with decisive authority, the idea flashed across his mind—why not use it himself? It would take him all these long four hundred miles for nothing, and he would be in London at the end of the journey—be able to say all the rest of his life that he had been there, and to silence with his own first-hand observations all the clashes and clavers of his friends who in this had hitherto had the advantage of him! The minister, the doctor, the registrar had all been there, and were wont to flourish the statistics they had gleaned, to the belittling of the northern capital. He would be even with them now. His sister, foolish woman, in her days of service had spent a year there: now he would be able to silence utterly her inaccurate traveller's tales. He would take a look in at the House of Commons and have a crack with the county member. The man had said, he remembered (after coming with fair credit out of a heckling at Donald's hands) that he would be glad to see him at the House and to put him in the way of hearing a good debate. Yes, he must look in at the House of Commons. But what was the use of going to London for nothing, if he hadn't a ticket to come back with? How was *that* to be paid? He had just reached this practical difficulty in his air-built castle—when it was all blown to pieces before his eyes. Rounding a bend in the road, he came upon a group of cyclists, three of them dismounted and chatting at a cottage door, while the mistress of it served them with ginger-beer. Donal' revised the terms of his bond with his conscience. It was not necessary for him, he held, to go about offering the purse; if they seemed to have lost anything it would be time enough to ask what. As he passed, with honourably slow steps, one of them asked the woman what the distance was reckoned to Drumknowe, the little town Donal' had left; this he debated might be taken as conclusive proof they had not already traversed the road behind

him. He need not put useless questions. He walked slowly and steadily out of hearing, and the risk was passed.

There, then, lay the ticket to London in his pouch, ready to be used any day. It seemed a sin to waste it, and yet how could he use it without letting himself in for further expense?

## CHAPTER II.

OVER this problem our worthy precentor lay awake for nights together. He began to cut himself down in his diet (meagre enough already) with a view to saving the money to pay his way back again. But it was no good. He had already so closely calculated the bare cost of living, that he could scarcely expect body and soul to stay together at any reduction. Needless to say that for a mere pleasure trip nothing would induce him to touch his money in the bank.

September and October fled; only two and fourpence had he scraped together. "Third single, forty-one shillings and sevenpence"—these words haunted the precentor everywhere. He read them between the lines of his psalm-book on Sunday, and the minister seemed to iterate them over his head. On week-days hammer and saw dinned them in his ears. Was ever thrifty soul so caught between the horns of a dilemma? So much wasted in the expiring ticket if he stayed, so much needed for the return if he went—a costly issue either way. And yet the glory of going!

At length, towards the close of the year, fortune favoured him with an unlooked-for chance.

Dr. MacPhee wanted a hen-house knocked up to shelter his poultry for the winter. "If you've any spare boards lying about, Donal'," he said, "you might come round to my back garden in your spare time and put up a rough shanty for the fowls."

Donal' had some spare boards lying about, and consented. Then for several evenings he was employed in the doctor's garden. With extreme deliberation, an unusually large bag of tools, and a very elaborate use of T-square and compasses, he slowly put together a small wooden lean-to under the lee of the east wall. It was the most exactly and methodically constructed hen-house in the neighbourhood, and, on the seventh evening, Donal' appeared in the doctor's kitchen and sent in word that the job was done. Doctor MacPhee sent for him into the parlour, which Donal' entered with a somewhat rigid demeanour. There was whisky on the table, which he ignored, and he comported himself as one who wished to show that the fact of his being in the doctor's house could not in the least perturb him.

"Yon hen-house is fettled," he began.

"That's all right," said the doctor, "and I've no doubt you've made a good job of it."

"I'll just give ye the specifications," said Donal', producing a neatly written paper.

"Hen-hoose, sax feet by fower-hauf, adjoinin' east wall——"



The doctor demurred at hearing all this, but Donal' was not to be checked.

"Roof sloping at an angle of forty-five degrees from an height of five feet on afore-said wall. Foundations of walls, bricks six inches below surface of ground; courses of best pit-prop wood: materials of walls, best seasoned pitch-pine: four roosting-poles ditto, door, bevelled edges, best ditto, with patent slip-and-catch trap for letting in and out the fowls: roof covered with patent tarred felt——"

"Aye," said the doctor, yawning, "but what's to pay, Donal'?" and he jingled the silver in his pocket.

"I'm coming tae that," said Donal'. "Time occupied, fourteen hours out of work time, one skilled joiner, at one shilling and tenpence per hour——"

"Total, total," said the doctor impatiently.

There was a slight tremor in Donal's voice, but he looked straight in front of him as he answered:

"Three poon', ae shillin', and sivin pence."

"Whew," whistled the doctor, "that's pretty stiff."

Donal' ignored colloquialisms of this kind. Having enunciated his total, he was calmer. He folded the paper slowly and placed it on the table.

"That's my accoont," he said, "and whenever ye settle it, a'll sign the receipt." And he rose as if to go.

"But look here, my good man," said the doctor. "I can't pay you all that, you know. It's absurd. Three pounds for a shanty that I could have knocked up myself out of a few egg-boxes."

"A' ken naethin' about shanties," said Donal' scornfully. "My wark is guid solid wark that'll stan' for generations of cocks and hens. A'm no acquaint with the ways of jerry-building: an' when ye asked me to build a hoose for your hens, I thoct naturally ye needed a place they could live in."

"But three pounds is ridiculous. I don't want a palace for my hens. Why, man, I'm sure your pig-sties didn't cost you that much to put up."

"Pigs is no hens," retorted Donal', "and oor hens live in the kitchen wi' Janet, as ye can see for yersel'."

"Come, Donal'," said the doctor persuasively, "come down a bit. Surely your sum is a trifle high."

Donal' began to be nettled, and rather hastily used his final weapon.

"Hoo muckle did ye chairge for sorting the factor's leg?" he asked.

"Oh!" said the doctor, who thought he could easily defend professional fees, "that's a different thing. You surely wouldn't compare the charges for medical attendance with those for manual labour."

"And why not?" said Donal' boldly. "Canna a buddy 'at warks wi' his brain and haunds thegither chairge as high as yin 'at warks wi' his brains alane—aye, and chairges as much for looking at a pairson's tongue as would buy a dizzen bottles at the druggist's?"

"Well, well," said the doctor, disgusted, "take your three pounds odd and have done with it. No, hang the receipt, man. After all you've a right to charge me as much as you like, I suppose; and, mind you, I don't say your charge is exorbitant for what you've done; but you've rather had me, confound it, in making a much bigger job than I ever meant you to do. Now for all your sneers at doctors' high fees you can't say that I made a bigger job than you wanted, when you were laid up years ago and unable to lift hand or foot. I came to see you, and prescribed for you just as much as was necessary: and you'd have been welcome to have had it for nothing if you hadn't a very respectable pride in you about paying. Now if I liked, the next time you are ill and frightened about yourself, I might get even with you by paying you a half-guinea visit twice a day, and dosing you to the tune of a pound or two. You wait, and see if I do! Good-night, Mr. Scrimgeour."

Donal' was a trifle abashed. He was not even gratified by the formal appellation of "Mr. Scrimgeour" which the doctor used, instead of the patronising "Donal'" that had so often irritated him. However, any feeling of shame was quickly succeeded, when he got outside the door, by a thrill of ecstasy, as he thought that his journey was now paid for, and a visit to London a certainty.

#### CHAPTER III.

**M**AKING slow head-way against a freezing December wind, all the keener because unmuffled by rain or snow, Donal' took his way home from the doctor's house. The bare branches of the winter trees overhead rattled together, and a thin skin of forming ice cracked under his footsteps as he marched indifferently through ruts and puddles. Stoic as he was, Donal' found some comfort in remembering his sister's extravagant ways, counting upon which he might expect to find a good fire burning in the kitchen which was her end of the house. The lights in the village were few, most of the windows being closely shuttered; but here and there as he passed, a red glow through some chink, the sound of family voices, and the clatter of supper dishes made him unconsciously quicken his steps towards his own home, such as it was.

Such as it was, it was, in almost all of its somewhat singular arrangement, by his own decree and choice. After the death of his wife (a feckless childless woman) eight years ago, his sister Janet, who had returned as a widow to their native village, offered to come and keep house for him, an offer which Donal' firmly declined. He had always seen through the popular fallacy that the unscientific sex is best adapted by nature to keep house. His own marriage he had long felt to be a mistake, such as he could not justify, if asked; but at least it had taught him, as, after all, experience only can teach, that the house work, cooking, washing, sewing, on the execution of which women pride



themselves, which they make such a fuss about, is all within the capacity of "the maist ordnar' man," as he put it. For what had happened? His wife, the bit pingin' cratur he had so unaccountably married, after a few years of poor accomplishment of household duty, being too hopelessly unmethodical to benefit by her own experience or his observant advice, had fallen ill, and taken to her bed—where she spent the last two years of her life. "Durin' which peerid," he would say clinchingly to those who argued that woman had a *raison d'être* beyond her maternal function,— "whae did a' her wark an' mine? Me, I'm no makkin' a boast o' it—it wasna' that muckle. On a Munanday I wad hae her sortit up, and my hoose sweepit, and the claes a' washed an' hingin' oot, an' me at my ain wark afore ane o' thae lazy wives had sae muckle as got oot their tubs tae begin—yammerin' at their bairns, an' never awa' frae their doors, claverin' wi' yin anither aboot naethin' ava'. Na, ye canna convince me that wimin's oor shuperior in ae single thing—unless it's in the po'er o' the tongue."

With these views it is not surprising that when his wife died, Donal' thought it much more satisfactory in every way to manage for himself than to admit his sister on any specious excuse of usefulness. The neighbours respected him for the brave fight he had made against the troubles of his lot; the women-folk who stole in, whenever his absence served, to refresh his wife with the inconsequent clavers and gossip which were so cordial to her solitary soul, would report admiringly that they always found her "as neat as a new preen," her nightcap frills "goffered by the crature himsel," and the floor "as clean, ye might tak' yer meat aff it." Hard as he must have found it to meet the expenses of so long an illness, she had wanted nothing of all the doctor ordered, and when she died, and was laid by her husband's hands in the coffin he had made for her, an unwonted redness in his eyes, and an increased stolidity and reserve in his manner, were guessed to betoken an affection he felt to be so unreasonable.

In course of time, however, Donal' fell ill—a long and severe attack of rheumatic fever laid him helpless as a child—and then, as a matter of course, his sister Janet was summoned to nurse him. A deprecating and feminine creature (in so far as it is feminine to kiss the rod, and idolise the wielder of it), she nursed him with infinite zeal and patience, bearing his rebukes, and following his instructions with a meekness at once disarming and yet irritating. When Donal' was up and about again, and on the point of explaining to her that he could now do for himself, and she had better again betake herself to her cottage and her annuity, that annuity was lost, in the fall of the City of Glasgow Bank, and Janet, poor soul, entreated so humbly to be allowed to stay with him, saying it made her "so happy jist to see his face an' ken that he was in the same hoose,"

that he was induced to arrange a compromise. Her cottage was let, and on the rent, added to what she could earn, she was to maintain herself, her brother giving her houseroom and fire. This arrangement had worked well. Janet lived butt the hoose and Donal' ben, he cooking and washing and doing for himself in every particular, with a scorn of her possible skill somewhat hard to bear. Each had their own supplies of food on separate shelves in the same trance, each marketed independently, each if necessary borrowed from the other, with ceremonious politeness; though Donal's contempt for the shiftlessness of this practice in others had more than once made Janet go supperless to bed, rather than confess she was out of meal. (But when Donal', as happened occasionally, asked her to lend him this or that, "till the morn," she was all flustered anxiety to screen him from any sense of his own improvidence, and would offer double what he asked in a way that only confirmed his opinion of her irrationality.)

Coals had threatened at one time to become a sore point of difference between them, for if there was one creature comfort dear to Janet, it was a good fire, and Donal's increasing parsimony made him more and more stingy—so that he would surreptitiously pick off a piece whenever he could, and come in ostentatiously from time to time with a shovel-ful of good cinders from what Janet had thrown out as ashes. He was so unreasonable that there was no course left open to a woman with even Janet's modest amount of self-will but to outwit him, and she accordingly hit upon the plan of taking in washing, which, as she argued, made the quantity of coal she was likely to use variable. She therefore asked him to give her such a sum monthly as he was willing to spend on firing, and she would make up the rest. Donal' cautiously agreed (by such roundabout means must men sometimes be circumvented for their own good), and Janet had the pleasure of seeing him enjoy the cheery blaze he need no longer grudge, as he smoked his Saturday pipe, and gave her the benefit of his silent presence for an hour or so before their early bedtime. To-night, as he came in and took his accustomed seat, his mind was full of the great scheme to be put into execution on Monday. It was not his manner, however, to inform Janet directly of any of his plans or his opinions, except as the latter applied to her. She was humbly accustomed to pick up what she could of his affairs, like the poultry about a cottage door, that are never intentionally fed. It would be felt to betoken a distinctly weak craving for sympathy unworthy of a man, were he voluntarily to unbosom himself; so when the fire had warmed him somewhat he proceeded to spread his supper and eat it in ruminative silence, while his sister stirred her own pan of porridge and gave him at intervals, unasked and unthanked, the news of the day.

"When Saunder's lass was roond wi' the milk she telt me that their littlest wean is terrible ill, an' no expectit tae live."

Here was an opportunity for informing Janet casually of his plans.

"As lang's I mind," said Donal' suddenly, "if A'm no in when she comes the morn, wi' my milk, ye can say A'm no needin' it till I lat her ken."

Janet had long been aware that something was brewing. Now she felt that a disclosure was coming. Her heart palpitated with mingled anxiety and curiosity, but she was too aware of Donal's grim uncommunicativeness of his own affairs to attempt to hurry him.

"A'll tell her," she said, after a pause, as calmly as she could, "that ye're no *wishin'* it, Donal'. But as for needin' it, a man that warks as ye've been warking lately, needs a' the nourishment he can get."

"Aye," said Donal', chuckling almost, "that, or a holiday and change of air."

"Preserve's," cried Janet incontinently, "ye're no gawn awa'?"

"Maybe aye, maybe no," responded Donal' oracularly, and fell into a stubborn silence, as a rebuke to his sister's betrayal of feminine curiosity.

Poor Janet's heart beat with redoubled violence as her mind flew to a horrid possibility that occurred to her now and again in her gloomier moods: the possibility of Donal's consummating a second marriage; and now she tortured herself with wondering if it was the courting or the ceremony itself that was to take him away from home: for she felt sure that the phrase "holiday and change of air" was merely a cloak to deeper signs of some kind.

To confirm her suspicions, an unwonted opening and shutting of drawers as Donal' retired to his room suggested preparations for a wedding, and when he returned with a sock that he was intent on darning by the light of the candle, she couldn't forbear saying with tremulous jocularity, "Aye, Donal', yer wife'll no let ye dae that kind of jawbs."

At which Donal', not displeased, contemptuously snorted, "Havers, what for hae women aye gotten marriage into their heads? A'm thinkin' a buddy need nae gang sae far as Lun'on tae get cattle like yon."

"Lun'on, is it?" thought Janet, a trifle relieved.

"Hae ye gotten wark in Lun'on, Donal'?" she asked after a pause.

"A'm nae sae daft as to gang to Lun'on for wark at Hogmanay time," said Donal'; "Div ye no think a man buddy may gang there for pleasure?"

"Aye, Donal'," said Janet, "Lun'on's no the place for pleasure. It's an awfy place for folks like us. Ye'd be wiser-like tae spen' your holiday in Glasgae, than in Lun'on where naebuddy kens ye."

"What about my ain wife's brither, then?" asked Donal'.

"Have ye heard from him then, Donal'?"

"Na, na, but I can gie him a luik up. There'll be a good few in Lun'on as'll ken Sandy Gairdner and lorry man."

Janet gave a little scream of superior dismay at Donal's ignorance.

"Ye'll never find him," she laughed. "Donal', ye've no *idee* what Lun'on's like."

"A ken fine," said Donal', "how *you* spent yer time there. Them great fowks' kitchens is a' muckle the same, and if ye ever luiked out o' the window, ye never stirred frae the door."

Which was too true for Janet to contradict.

## CHAPTER IV.

THE Waverley Station, Edinburgh, where Donal' found himself on the morning of

December 31, is not at that time a place calculated to soothe the nerves of one whose conscience is not a perfectly easy fit. Donal's policy was to put himself in the train with as few words to officials as possible, and his first instinct was to appear hurried. "Whaur's the train for Lun'on?" he asked a porter. "Yon's het," the man answered, pointing into the foggy shrouds of a deep cavernous recess, and Donal' made for a carriage where an elderly man was sitting, and dived into it. "Are ye gaun tae Lun'on?" he asked, and, finding that the quiet-looking old man *was* going to London, at once determined to constitute himself a shadow of his companion until they arrived there. He accordingly took the opposite seat, and silently nerved himself for the production of his ticket if it should be necessary; sure enough, when the compartment was filled, and while the remaining travellers were endeavouring to eke out their farewells at the windows so as to fill up the lingering interval, an inspector appeared and demanded all tickets.

All were satisfactory save Donal's, and over it the inspector fell frowning. Donal' endeavoured to appear unconscious, but his heart beat uneasily.

"This ticket," said the inspector with severe courtesy, "only entitles the purchaser to travel *via* the Waverley route and Midland Railway. You must come out of here, sir."

Donal' gathered that his right to possess the ticket was not called in question, and his mind, relieved on this point, fell into fighting posture as to his choice of routes.

"A'm no carin' to gang ony other way," he said.

"That doesn't matter," said the inspector, "the Company will not carry you in this train, so you'd better come out."

Donal' rose with an air of grim forbearance, as of one who deems it charitable to put up with official humours.

"You'll not get a train available by this ticket until half-past nine this evening," said the inspector, and, indicating the platform from which the train would start, he left Donal' stupefiedly walking no-whither.

On the blank horrors of that day, spent by Donal' in weary waiting at the Waverley Station, we cannot dwell. Nothing but the most stubborn determination to carry his project through would have kept him sitting in that chilly seat, with his eyes glued to the departure

platform whence his train would start. Noon passed and found him still fasting. One thing he realised which gave him some comfort. The train by which he travelled would be at night: and the friendly darkness would help to screen any doubtfulness as to his right to use the ticket; for round this point his weary but obstinate old brain still beat with intolerable



A SMALL BROWN-PAPER PARCEL. SHOULD HE OPEN IT?

persistence. There he sat into the gloom of the December afternoon, waging war with hunger and sleepiness, stiffness and fatigue.

At about five o'clock he dozed off, to wake a few minutes later and to find that somebody must have been sitting beside him. Whoever it was, he had left a small brown-paper parcel on the seat. Donal' gave the stranger an hour to return and claim his property. No one came, however, and Donal's weary conscience again had a conflict with him over the parcel. Should he open it? A porter came by, the old man asked his advice. The porter, undisturbed by qualms, opened the package. It contained a slice of thick bread, butter, and jam, popularly known in Scotland as a "jeely-piece," and a small flat bottle of whisky. Donal' ate and drank ravenously.

Darkness descended and a winter fog thickened the already smoky air. The electric light came, peeping and peering, chattering and hissing, like an imp of darkness caricaturing an angel of light. It stared rudely at Donal' as he sat rigidly on his seat, will and conscience still locked in conflict. It paled his wrinkled

face and threw cold shadows across his shaggy eyebrows. There was no hiding from it as it sputtered and blazed, now dipping into darkness and then leaping into a mocking glare.

Occasionally a silent passenger would come and share Donal's seat, and venture on a trivial remark, and the porter who had opened the parcel would inquire how he was getting on. To him Donal' confided where he was going, and the man, though he instinctively knew that this was not a case of tipping, kept an eye on the old precentor from the country, and promised to see him safely off by the night train. Shortly after, accordingly, he placed him in the corner of a third-class carriage, with the news that in half an hour he should be on his way.

Revived with the jeely-piece and the prospect of starting, Donal' began to take cheerful stock of his surroundings. Something like gratitude to the railway company for providing him with such excellent cushions, combined with thankfulness to a Providence that had given him an opportunity of reclining on them, put him as nearly into a glow as such natures may be warmed up to. He read over, by the aid of the brilliant light, the regulations and requests with which the walls of the carriage were adorned, and mentally determined to comply with them to the uttermost.

Accordingly when with some bustle a stout man was ushered into the compartment, attended by an obsequious porter whom he directed in the disposition of numerous packets, and whose manners were much softened by an invisibly bestowed tip, Donal' began, pointing to the hat rack, which was groaning under the weight of bags and parcels:

"I see yon rack is intended for light articles only."

The fat man looked at him portentously, removed a cigar from his mouth, and replied—

"Then put your head in it."

After which a quiet but severe chuckle might have been heard rumbling through the recesses of his huge system, to which the newspaper in his fat fingers acted as a sort of seismometer.

Donal' digested the affront in silent wrath. He, the precentor of Dubford, to be rudely snubbed by a stranger! The only occasion on which he had been so treated was by an obstreperous member of his choir whom he had indignantly turned out, and here he helplessly fell back on his precentorial authority.

"Dae ye ken whae ye're talking to?" he asked.

The stout man put down his newspaper, folded his hands, and prepared for some sport in the way of badinage, in which his soul delighted.



"Why, yes, to be sure," he exclaimed gravely, "it is my old friend the Bailie. A thousand apologies, sir. Your hand."

Donal' grunted. An equivocal fate seemed to be pursuing him. Travelling with another man's ticket, fed with another's food and warmed with another's whisky, here he was being honoured with another's man's title—one that in his most ambitious flights he had never aspired to. But by the first slip he had made a coward of his conscience, and he dared not now disclaim the greatness thrust upon him. Slowly he extended his old fist, which was warmly gripped in the flabby palm of his companion, and shaken with masonic energy.

"It's a long time since I had the honour of meeting you," said the stout man, "and I hardly expected to find you travelling to-night. How are they all down your way?"

Donal' felt exceedingly uncomfortable, but he managed to mutter some words to the effect that his neighbours were all in good health, a statement which did not commit him far.

Entered another stout man, acquainted with the first, and took up his quarters in the opposite corner. Adepts in the art of winking, to him the first man introduced Donal' as "my friend the Bailie" with great decorum. More handshakings and bowings, conducted with the heavy stateliness of the first-class bagman, plunged poor Donal' still farther in the slough of deceit.

"My friend the Bailie called my attention to the fact, Harris, before you entered the compartment," observed the first man, "that the racks above us are for the use of light articles only. To which I unfortunately replied with some want of civility. However, that was before we recognised each other, and I have no doubt we shall have a pleasant journey together."

"Ah, well, of course," responded the second, "that was very proper and sensible, and I'm sure we're very highly gratified to him for droppin' his official dignity, as it were, on this occasion."

"It would never do for us to be had up before his worship for contravening the regulations of the railway authorities," said the first.

"Haw, haw, certainly not. A most embarrassing *contre-tong*, I'm sure. We should have no *locus standi* whatever, eh, sir?"

Donal' had nothing to say, and was meditating escape to a different carriage, when the arrival of the ticket collector gave him a fresh source of anxiety. As before, his fellow-travellers' tickets were satisfactory, but his own gave rise to severe scrutiny.

"I see this is the return half of a tourist ticket from London to Edinburgh?"

"Aye," said Donal', as carelessly as he could.

"When did you purchase this ticket?"

"A got yon ticket in September."

"Did you buy it from the original purchaser?"

"Na."

"Where did you get it?"

"Ere."

A little more of this and Donal' would have been broken down. But at this stage came to his assistance the first of his fellow-travellers.

"What on earth do you mean," he blustered, "by your impertinent questions, man? Do you know who you're talking to? That's my friend Bailie McFechnie on his way back to London, to the arms of his wife and family, whom he has left while on a visit to his native country. I had the honour of travelling up here with him in September, and I'll not sit here and hear him bullied by you or any other impertinent official."

"You hold your tongue," said the collector, who, as the traveller well knew, was a short-tempered man, and easily worked into a rage. "Wait till you're spoken to. I am not speaking to you. This man is holding a ticket he's no right to have."

"Actionable words, actionable words," said the other. "Put them down, Harris."

"That I will," said Harris. "You'll be in a fine mess, my fine fellow, this time to-morrow, if you ain't careful. Keep your hair on, now. None of your 'umbug' ere, you know; it won't do."

The collector was well-nigh in a frenzy, and quite inarticulate with rage.

"'Ere, guard," shouted Harris, as that functionary passed.

"What's the matter now?"

"Take this chap away from here. He's intoxicated. Oh, yes, you are, you know. I wouldn't have stood you a drink myself if I had known you'd been first-footing already."

"It's reely disgusting," said the other, with an assumption of calm annoyance, "to be liable to disrespect from the servants of this railway. Not but what the guards have always been most courteous and obliging, I'm sure; but when we are liable to be attacked by the inferior station officials in this manner, why then, say I, the sooner my employers send their goods and travellers by another line of railway, the better."

"Is there anyone here travelling without a ticket?" said the guard.

"No, here they are, you see, only that gentleman happens to have a tourist-ticket, and a very sensible way of travelling, say I; but your collector here seems to think because he ain't got a pair of operry-glasses and a check tweed suit, and don't tip him very free—that's what it is reely, you know—he begins to take exceptions to him, and naturally we aren't going to stand by and see him abused, and then your subordinate here goes and loses his hair, and uses actionable words."

Here the guard, with superior loftiness, motioned the collector aside, slammed the door, waved the green light, and the train moved off; Donal' shrinking into a corner, frightened at the tempestuous scene he had witnessed, while his companions fell back and chuckled, until symptoms of apoplexy warned them to desist.

## DONAL' SCRIMGEOUR'S CONSCIENCE.

### CHAPTER V.

WITH a smooth rumbling and an occasional sliding swerve as it went over the points, the train threaded its way among the labyrinthine rails of "Auld Reekie," till the sound of the wheels settled into a steadfast humming, that fitted itself in his mind to various tunes from Donal's red-edged slit-leaved psalm-book, as he crouched in his corner of the carriage. His fellow-passengers plunged into a sea of cheap periodicals, apparently oblivious of his presence, and as he watched them breathing stertorously over their papers, he wondered whether to regard them as companions or accomplices. They had certainly averted an anxious situation for him, for which something like gratitude suggested itself in his mind; but, though hardly capable of suspecting a joke on their part, he could have wished that they had taken his side with that graver and more deliberate balancing of the merits of the case which, he was certain, must establish the moral validity of his right to travel with the ticket.

They evidently mistook him for some important bailie of their acquaintance, and this impression Donal' did not feel called upon to correct. It might give him more importance than was due to him in their eyes, but it did not enter into the rights of his case; and after all, if he was not a bailie, was not a precentor a being to hold himself up with them, a man who might beat time for bailies, if they could sing?

Mr. Harris sat opposite to him, and the other man in the adjacent corner; but although they occasionally exchanged papers with each other, with the grand and rich-voiced courtesy peculiar to their calling, they seemed to have forgotten Donal's presence altogether. Too conceited to be impressed by the superiority of their magnificent manners to his own, Donal' was yet too intent on the position of his affairs to feel any affront at their ignoring him. The rapid motion of the train was imparting new and not agreeable sensations to him. The engine coughed consumptively for twenty miles of steep hill, which was succeeded by a rapid run down a series of curves, against which the train ground with a boring motion, as if it wanted to run off the line.

By-and-by Mr. Harris had finished the last of his periodicals, upon which he folded them up with great care, and placed them in a handbag that he took from the rack, remarking to his friend that he supposed that "it would be the same as having them found on his person," the mystery of which Donal' did not penetrate. Then the two men readjusted their great-coats, wrapped rugs round their legs, and placing their legs along the seats, settled their backs comfortably against the windows.

Now these operations, strange as it may seem, produced in the mind of Donal' a state of shocked perplexity. Immediately in front of him was a printed notice requesting passengers

not to place their feet on the seats of the carriages, and here, in his presence—in the presence of the precentor of Dubford—were two men placing not only their feet, but the whole length of their legs, upon the forbidden cushions. It was necessary to speak.

"Ye've no read yon tucket, a'm thinking," he said, pointing to the "Notice to passengers."

"Eh?" inquired Mr. Harris.

"Ye've no read yon tucket, or ye'd no be pittin' yer feet upo' the seat as ye are. It's expressly forbidden in yon. 'Passengers are requested *not* to put their feet on the seats.'

Donal' waited for the feet to come down, but nothing took place beyond an interchange of amused smiles between the two travellers, and he grew a little angry.

"What right hae ye to trevel this gate, if ye dinna obsairve the offeecial reggyllations?" he indignantly inquired. "A buddy would think ye could na read plain prent."

"Come, come, provost," said the first traveller (and the dangerous chuckling began again), "this is too bad. Here we are, all old friends together—

"Cheering each other's sorrows,  
Sharing each other's joys,"

as the song so beautifully puts it, and you treat your old comrades like strangers. It's too bad."

Donal' was silenced a moment by his elevation from bailie to provost.

"I dinna ken who ye tak me for," he continued, "but, bailie or no bailie, provost or no provost—and a man may be as guid as baith—a'm no the man to sit by an' see the company's cushions abused, and no say a word against it."

"The provost is quite right," said Mr. Harris, "and stab me if I'd put my feet up now, if they were down. But, hang it all, the company don't request a gentleman to put his feet down when they *are* up, do they?"

"Now you'll excuse me, Mr. Harris," said the other, "but I put my feet up on principle. I'll put the case to you. The company request the public—(only *request*, mind you)—not to put their feet on the cushions. Very well; so far, so good. The public in return request—I might say implore—the company not to collide their trains. Do the company fulfil this request? Not a bit of it. Not a day passes but they smash up a few of their fellow mortals. Now let us look into what happens when one train smashes into another, as we've every possibility of doing to-night. We'll take this carriage, Mr. Harris. You and I, having our lower halves safely on the seat, get chucked about a bit maybe, cut with glass and generally shaken. But our friend the provost here runs quite another sort of risk. The carriage telescopes, the seats approach and get jammed, with his legs between them; he rolls over the embankment without being able to catch hold of the hat-rack as you and I can, and what's the end of it? Extrication with crowbars and pickaxes,



and a double amputation to follow; and the pitiable sight of justice on crutches in his native borough."

By this time the desirability of finding a place for his own feet had occurred to Donal'. But Mr. Harris was opposite, and the other traveller took up all the rest of his side, and he would not ask them to move.

"Havers," he said, trying to be contemptuous. "Why should there be ony mair likeness of a colleesion the nicht?"

"Why, you a Scotchman, Mr. Provost, and not tell me that? Will there be a man of your race sober by two in the morning, eh? There'll be first-footing at half the signal-cabins down the line. Ha, ha! We all know how Sandy sees the New Year in, eh, Mr. Harris?"

"No, no. I'm afraid you can't deny the soft impeachment, Mr. Provost, sir," said Mr. Harris.

Just then the train gave a severe lurch, and Donal', his nerves wrought up to a feverish pitch, jumped up upon the seat, and clutching at the rack stood there to wait for the splintering of the woodwork.

"Ah, a very likely place this," said Mr. Harris, "the approach to Carlisle Station. Probably already a train standing at the platform, or one behind us to run us down as soon as we stop. Remain in your place, sir, till we are well past Carlisle, and you are safe."

Thus exhorted, Donal' remained standing during the few minutes for which the train stayed at Carlisle. Mr. Harris, indeed, whose love of a joke was rather extravagant, gravely offered to assist him into the hat-rack, where, he said, his safety for the rest of the journey would be assured. But Donal' was mistrustful of so narrow a resting-place, and preferred a standing posture, even though it gave him the stiffening experiences of a cattle-truck. At one time he thought of getting out and setting off home to Edinburgh, but shame forbade it, so he still grasped the rack, and passengers who opened the door and meditated entering the compartment closed it again when they saw a spectacle of probable insanity; and this was pleasure to Mr. Harris and his friend, who naturally wished no intruder to disturb them.

Soon after Carlisle Mr. Harris improved his position by stretching himself at full length along his side, using a Gladstone bag as a pillow, and, as he did so, he commiserated the other on not being able to follow his example, on account of Donal's presence at one end of the seat.

"One of the discomforts travellers must put up with, Mr. Harris," said the other. "If the Laird had chosen to travel in the family saloon, or even gone first-class, we should have been unaware of the happiness we had lost, and therefore as contented. Some men are born to greatness, as the poet says, and some have greatness thrust upon them; we have the greatness thrust upon us in the shape of our friend the Laird here, and the penalty for so much honour is that I must lose my night's rest."

"It's just a piece of nonsense," muttered Donal', whose uncomfortable attitude was beginning to induce irritability. "I've just as much right in this carriage as yersel'."

"Certainly, Laird, certainly."

"Ye're ca'in' me 'Laird' the noo. A'm no the man ye tak me for, as ye'll soon find out if ye dinna let me be."

"Not my friend the Laird of St. Bungo? Then allow me to remark that you've grossly imposed upon me. I call you to witness, Mr. Harris, if I did not take this gentleman *bond fide* for my old friend the Laird of St. Bungo?"

"I can conscientiously endorse that statement," said Mr. Harris. "But in this half light one makes mistakes. This gentleman has some appearance of our friend, but there is not the same *tong*, if I may so speak, in his manners."

"A've tongue eneuch to gie the likes o' you a lick wi' it," said Donal' heatedly.

"Oh, too bad, too bad," said Mr. Harris.

"I should never," said the other, "have taken the gentleman's part against the ticket-inspector, if I had not supposed him to be the Laird. How do we know, after all, that he *is* entitled to travel with the ticket to which the inspector objected?"

"Because a've possession of it," said Donal'.

"A'm the pairson that holds it, and a'm the pairson that travels with it. Ye can see for yersel'," he said, producing it excitedly, "it entitles the holder to return to London *via* Carlisle and so forth. Luik and see for yersel'."

"Ah!" said Mr. Harris. "The return half of a tourist-ticket purchased in London. H'm. Of course you purchased it in London?"

"Na," said Donal', "a'm no saying that. A fand it on the road, twa months syne. It's no lang to run, ye ken, and whaur's the guid o' throwin' away a trip to London?"

"Well," said Mr. Harris, "the Laird would have hesitated, eh? before using this, I think?" and he handed it to his friend.

The other looked at it carefully. "I don't see why you shouldn't have a right to travel with this ticket as long as it is available," he said.

Donal' felt almost friendly.

"But," he added, "let me call your attention to the fact that in point of law this ticket is by this time a dead letter. Available till December 31 you see. It just now," looking at his watch, "wants twenty-three minutes to one A.M. Consequently you have for the last 37 minutes been guilty of the offence of trespass. I wish you a very happy New Year, and a way out of your scrape."

"Haw, haw," laughed Mr. Harris, "the Laird has no *locus standi* whatever."

"Or *sitti* either," said the other, "and I shall be obliged to you, sir, for the rest of the seat, to which you have no right whatever," and he stretched himself at full length, crowding the horror-struck Donal' on to the floor.

In the neighbourhood of St. Pancras a few

nours later, in the dim, yellow light of a London January daybreak, might have been seen an elderly man, a picture of haggard hairiness, groping along the slimy street, every shuffling motion suggestive of incipient rheumatism, his bloodshot eyes wildly straining to penetrate the nauseous fog that congealed on his shaggy eyebrows and beard. He had ceased in despair to make fruitless inquiries as to the whereabouts of Sandy Gairdner's house. Every now and then, as some new horror bewildered him, such as a fire-engine dashing past, or a puff of steam rising from the centre of the roadway, he would stop, wag his head, and with a long-drawn intake of breath, gasp a solemn "Aye."

As he slowly traversed the Euston Road, with a fearful glance at those who hurried past him on the pavement, as if he expected arrest at any moment, his anxious eyes rested, near King's Cross, on a welcome notice, "To Edinburgh in 8½ hours." He had gathered that there were two or more routes between London and the Scottish capital, and with a grunt and a "H'm'm!" of sudden resolve, he mended his limping pace till he arrived under the huge glass roof of the Great Northern Terminus. An inquiry at the booking-office as to the next train "tae Edinburry," a hurried parting with his hoarded shillings in exchange for a small but preciously legal rectangle of pasteboard, and a few minutes saw our old friend Donal speeding at some fifty miles per hour towards his far-off home, with an aching frame, and a blank but somewhat relieved mind.

## CHAPTER VI.

**I**T sometimes happens that long-forbidden pleasures prove less sweet than we fancied they would, when at length we attain them. The grapes set our teeth on edge, and the bread that was so appetising in secret palls on us as daily fare. These disillusion had not had time to befall Janet Dempster when, on the second day of the year, she spread her table to entertain two guests. Kitty Wabster, her chief crony, having surmised that morning that she must be terrible lonely her lane, had cordially accepted the unwonted invitation to tea that Janet was surprised into giving. Scarcely had it been uttered when Nancy Boyd, the cobbler's wife, stepped into Kitty's, to borrow a frying-pan.

"Whaur d'ye think I'm gaun to my tea the night, lass?" was Kitty's greeting, and when Nancy couldna tell, Janet, with a giddy sense that she had broken bounds, was in for it, and might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb, explained, "She's comin' roond to hae a crack wi' me, and I'll be prood to see ye, if ye'll jine us, Nancy," she ended, with the dignity, long disused, of one who was mistress in her own house. Realisations of all that these invitations implied—shortbread and loaf sugar at the least—and a sudden, too late remembrance that she had only two uncracked tea-cups to call her own, cut short the call and hurried the

intending hostess home to make her unwonted preparations.

"Ye wadna ken her for the same wumman," remarked stout old Kitty, as with her arms akimbo she watched Janet's spare, bent figure turn the corner. "Aye, she can ca' her saul her ain noo, puir body."

"Whaur's he awa to?" inquired Nancy. "They're sayin' in the Back Row 'at he's gotten a job in Lun'on—something about the Houses o' Parliament that's needin' sortin'—an' Robertson, the member, spoke for Donal' tae get the job."

"Say ye sae?" was Kitty's incredulous response. "Na, na; he's jist awa' to see his guid brither—Janet telt me hersel'."

"Maybe," said Nancy, taking up the pan to go, "but Donal's no the man to gang sae far for the jaunt. It'll be baith the one an' the other I jalouse; ony way, he'll stay till he's eaten his ticket."

"I speired 'at Janet," laughed Kitty, "was she no wearied her lane. She didna ken verra weel what to say, puir body. 'It's no for that long,' she says, 'an' he's getting a fine change.' 'Aye, an' you too,' says I, but she didna let on."

"Na, of course she wadna let on; she's a decent body, Janet," remarked Nance, approving this transparent reticence, 'but of a' d'mineerin', maisterfu' auld cocks, Donal' Scrimgeour dings a', an' if I was Janet, I wadna thole him—I wad not."

"It's easy speakin'," said her neighbour.

"Ay is't; weel, I'm awa, and thank ye kindly; ye'se hae yer pan the nicht again."

"Tak' yer time," said Kitty easily, as she turned indoors to resume a leisurely process of redding-up.

Janet meanwhile was anxiously making arrangements to do herself justice in the afternoon. The kitchen was in spotless order, and the shortbread and cookies, upon which she had decided, were purchased, and lay in a well-filled bag on the dresser, before she swallowed her hasty dinner of broth, warmed from yesterday. There remained but the table to set, and the kettle to fill, before she dressed herself. A cloth she had in store, and it looked very well when she spread it out; but arrange them as she might, her three gold-sprigged teacups, one brown and cracked with frequent use, made an ill assortment with the two stoneware plates on which she arranged the tea-bread, and her crystal sugar-bowl, though generously filled with loaf-sugar, was quite put out of countenance by the common milk-jug, the only one she possessed. Everyone else had best china—Kitty and Nance would think it a shame to ask her as formally to tea as she had asked them, and then put nothing better on the table than these odd dishes. Mortification had made her ready for any desperate resource, when the sudden temptation flashed into her mind, "Why should she not use Donal's things?" He was far away and would never hear of it: the cups and saucers would suffer

nothing by use; and her credit would be saved—Donal's too, indirectly, argued the tempter; for it was known of course in Dubford that he had all his late wife's tea-set still to the fore in his room, as good as new. If it was seen that he allowed the use of them to his sister on occasion, the prevalent opinion as to his meanness, of which Janet was often made well aware, would at least not be increased. He would rise in public esteem, she persuaded herself, for this supposed brotherliness; and with nervous fingers she took the key of his door from under the mat where it lay in his absence, and entered his room.

No housewife could have left the place in neater trim for an intended absence—this was Janet's first admiring perception. The blind was closed as well as the outside shutter of the window, and he had even remembered to shut the damper, as was proved by no light coming down the short chimney. All the ornaments of the mantelpiece had been laid on the bed, and the patchwork counterpane reversed over them. A newspaper protected the little toilet-mirror which had been the late Mrs. Scrimgeour's pride, and one of the horse-hair chairs was religiously placed upside down upon the other, its legs in the air emphasising the disused state of the room.

Moving in nervous silence, Janet felt the keyhole of the corner cupboard where the tea-things were kept.

It was locked. She rightly conjectured that the key was kept in a slag-ware vase that usually stood on the mantelpiece, and in another minute the coveted china cups and plates were in her possession. They looked even better than she expected, arranged on her tea-table, and as she hastened to array herself in her old-fashioned Sunday merino and a new black and purple woollen cap, bought for the occasion, she surveyed her preparations with unwonted pride.

"Aweel," remarked Nance an hour later, as, her last delightful and deliberate draught of tea finished, she ceremoniously reversed the empty cup in its saucer, and pushed her chair back a little, to turn nearer the fire, "Donal' wull be at his wife's brither's by noo, I'se warrant?"

"He didna say exactly," said Janet with embarrassment, rising to stir the fire to a brighter glow.

"They tell me," joined in Kitty, "'at ye wad hardly ken Hogmanay week in Lun'on by ony ither week; their ways is no' the same as ours, d'ye see, holidays an' a' quite different. His guid brither maybe disna tak his holiday at the New Year at a'."

"Donal' wad speir that afore he went, lass," said Nance. "Aye, I suppose he's aye keepit up wi' that brither, tae be askit for a veesit noo—an' it's like he's got holiday noo, an's askit him up, to tak' him aboot the toon. Lun'on'll be awfy thrang the noo, I'se warrant."

A sudden pattering sound of hail on the window made them all start.

"It's pit mirk," said Janet. "Siccan a night! I'll licht the lamp tae ye."

"It was snawin' a wee whan I cam' roon," remarked Kitty.

"Was't so? Aye, I said a' day the win' was blawin' through snaw; hear till't?" cried Nance, as a stormy gust shook the window.

"Eh, Kitty wuman, it's time we was hame."

"Hoots, it's nae distance," said Janet hospitably; "bide a wee noo yer here."

She lit the lamp, placed it on the table, and proceeded to remove the tea-things out of the way. As she was busied over this, a sudden noise at the outer door arrested her.

"It'll be my man hame efter a'—an' me oot wi' the key in my pooch," exclaimed Nance with a comfortable chuckle. "He'll be come seekin' his tea."

The outer door had been opened, there was a moment's pause, and then the sound of a key being fitted into a lock.



HIS LATE WIFE'S TEA-SET.

The women looked at each other, Janet pale with surmise. "Eh, that's an awfu' strange-like thing, surely!" ejaculated Kitty under her breath.

"Whae wad gang intil Donal's room an'



him awa'?" demanded Nance. "Ye sud gang an' see, Janet."

Janet moved a pace or two irresolutely forward, then the sound of heavy footsteps coming from the other room arrested her. A hand was laid on the latch of the door, but it did not open. After a pause, they heard the footsteps going out of the house.

"Mercy!" shrieked Kitty, "that's awfu' uncanny."

"I dinna like it," commented Nance. "Ye sud really gang an' see whae it is, wuman," she urged.

But Janet did not need to go. A sudden movement at the window caught her attention; she looked fearfully at the darkened panes, and saw, among the glimmering snow-flakes, a face peering in at her. "Donal'!" she gasped faintly, as her arms dropped powerless, while the precious cups and saucers she was carrying fell in a ringing heap at her feet.

## CHAPTER VII.

"SCRIMGEOUR'S awfu' late the nicht," remarked Sandy McMorland, school-master, leading bass and precentor's understudy in the parish of Dubford.

He and the other male members of the choir were standing in a chilly group round the schoolroom door, waiting the arrival of their respected leader. The female singers were nestling more comfortably in the warmth within. But it would have been a great breach of Dubford etiquette for the tenors and basses to be aware of the existence of trebles and altos, and it was *de rigueur* never even to enter the room for practice until the precentor had made everything proper by his presence.

"Ay, he's awfu' late," said McAlister, the energetic Manager of the Dubford Co-operative Stores. McAlister, who, by reason of a combined taste for vocal exercise and an inability to sing below E flat, was first tenor in the choir, shuffled his feet irritably, as one who feels that his top notes are not improving with exposure to the cold.

"He's no very weel, ye ken," said Sandy.

"So I was hearin'," said a third. "Since yon veesit to Lun'on, Scrimgeour's no been himsel'."

"How lang was he theer?" inquired McAlister.

"Naebuddy kens exac'ly. He was awa' the Munanday, but Kitty Wabster's of opinion 'at he gaed nae further than Edinburry, for she saw him on the Wednesday night, she sweers, an' we a' ken he was here by the Saturday nicht, ony w'y. He tell't me he ganged to Lun'on for pleasure, an' I reckon he was there the week."

"His pleasure's ower the noo for mony a day," said McAlister, shaking his head.

"Aye. It's a terrible wearin' life, life in Lun'on," said Sandy, "an' it disna dae for a buddy like Scrimgeour to plunge, like, as it

were, into the deessipations of such a Babylon as yon."

Sandy gave a dismal downward gesture with his hand, indicative of the dangerous header that Donal' had no doubt taken into the whirl of metropolitan society. There had been sufficient mystery about the precentor's absence to set the whole of Dubford talking about it. That the comings and goings of any member of the community should be veiled in the slightest obscurity was itself very exceptional, and, although Donal's exit had been well accounted for, his reappearance had been so wrapped in mystery as to make it almost uncanny.

All that was known for certain was that on the Saturday evening of the week in which he departed he had turned up again at the choir practice, according to his wont, in the schoolroom, at the usual hour—much to the disappointment of McMorland, who, to tell the truth, had waited for years in hope of such an occasion, and who had been secretly practising before a small mirror the manual gestures becoming to a precentor. The cup had been dashed from Sandy's lips, however, for, just as he had taken Donal's place and announced "Evan," the door opened and the belated Scrimgeour entered, brushed Sandy aside, and started on "Old Hundred"; and the choir, instead of tuning their melody to the dreamy wavings of the fat fair hand of McMorland, had to sing obedient to the more abrupt motions of Scrimgeour's grizzly paw.

On that occasion he had looked—as indeed he was—exceedingly ill. His eyes were blood-shot, his face haggard and drawn; his latest application of the razor, too, had but ill done its work. He looked like one who had just completed a long and exhausting journey, and the opinion of the choir was that he had come home post-haste from London to conduct the usual practice in Dubford schoolroom.

On the Sabbath following he had arrived at the church in a little better fettle; but he said not a word to any soul, and sat grimly through the fifty minutes' sermon.

The fact was that Donal', by a superhuman effort, was staving off a bad illness. By his trip to London he had incurred nothing but a sharp spell of rheumatism. Little as his observers dreamt it, every motion of his body, every gesture of his precentorial hand, was accompanied by the acutest physical pain—so acute, in fact, that his conscience was almost numbed. He had determined, however, from the first, not to send on any account for Doctor MacPhee. This course was dictated to him partly by pride, partly by economy. He knew perfectly well in his heart that MacPhee was incapable of taking any advantage over him; at the same time, he could not risk indebtedness to the doctor's generosity. And so he struggled on, keeping his aches and pains strictly to himself—not even communicating them to his watchful sister. Over her tongue, poor soul, he had laid an interdict of absolute silence as

to his going and coming. In the crushing remorse which she experienced at having broken his sacred crockeryware, it was easy to bind her down to secrecy. Until the Saturday after his return no one actually saw him. He remained entirely in his room, generally lying down on the bed trying to rest himself into health again; only rising occasionally to make a little tea, and resenting any intrusion on Janet's part. No one in the parish knew for certain at what time he had returned, and those who were with Janet when she smashed the tea-service were half-inclined to believe that they and she had seen Donal's ghost then, and not himself.

And now, on the second Saturday after his return, the choir was still waiting for its master, and its master was again late. At length Donal' appeared on the scene. This time it was apparent that his general condition was somewhat worse than before. Besides which his face was strangely swollen; over the left eye was a strange protuberance that carried his shaggy eyebrow an inch beyond its proper station. After struggling through his duties, Donal' at length sank in his seat in a "kin' o' dwam," with a filmy stare in his eye that was quite alarming.

"Rin for Doctor MacPhee," suggested McAlister.

Donal' faintly lifted his hand in deprecation of such a course. "A'm no that bad," he tried to say; but the words died in his mouth. He lolled over helplessly on one side, and his choir closed round him with the insistent sympathy which denies its object a breath of air.

Miss Meg Gillespie, who had once attended ambulance lectures, tried to bring her experience to bear on the present case. But unfortunately her knowledge of medical treatment was confined to cuts, burns, and epilepsy.

"Is't a fut?" she asked. "If it's a fut, juist pit him on's side, haud his heid up, and undae his neckband," which was done, with no reassuring effect, however; and when the doctor arrived it was to find Donal' still in a dead faint.

"What's wrang wi' him, doctor?" asked Sandy.

"He's got symptoms, Sandy," replied the doctor gravely. "A grave attack of symptoms; and the first thing to do is to dismiss the choir and leave the precentor to me. Miss Gillespie, you run across, please, to your father's for a drop or two of his special. Tell him to score it up to me. McAlister, if you'll stay with me, I think the others had better go home. Good-night McMorland," and the schoolmaster took the hint reluctantly, and filed off with the rest of the singing-class.

Doctor MacPhee was not a man to do things in a hurry. He propped the inanimate Donal' among half a dozen hassocks, took another and sat on it for a space of five minutes, mutely watching his patient, while Miss Gillespie bathed Donal's temples with water.

"H'm," muttered the doctor. "The man's

had rheumatic fever before, I know, and so I should be willing to believe that this is the course of a second attack, but for those swellings. Most unaccountable. That swelling on the temple suggests a curious local extravasation of blood. Then again the knuckles of the left hand have the same livid appearance. I never saw rheumatism, however severe, accompanied by swelling of the head. I wonder if there are any similar swellings elsewhere?" At this moment Donal's eyes slowly reopened, but when they encountered the doctor and were aware of his identity, they instantly closed again.

"Donal'," said the doctor, shaking him gently; "I'm here to give you a helping hand. Will ye no come home?"

"A'm needin' nae doctor," said Donal', faintly but sturdily.

"Then you'll need an undertaker before long. Man alive, you think you've got only the rheumatism to fight with; but I can tell there's something else, if I'm not mistaken—something that'll puzzle me to tackle, old hand as I am. What's that swelling on your left eyebrow, man, and your right knuckle?"

"Canna a buddy hae as mony swellings as he pleases tae?" murmured Donal'.

"You've a swelled head, I think," said the doctor, "and that'll carry you to your grave as sure as anything, in your present condition. Have you any more of these swellings?"

"What's that tae you?" retorted Donal', his eyes still closed. "Yes, I hae. There's yin on ma laft shoulder, yin on ma recht oxter, yin on ma recht heel, yin on the sma' of my back. Noo, are ye satisfied? Let me gang hame."

He raised himself sullenly to go, but fell helplessly among the hassocks. The doctor knelt by him, surprised and perplexed.

Then, as Donal' made another effort and again fell back moaning, he suggested to Miss Gillespie that he should be taken to the Cottage Hospital and put into bed.

A litter was fetched from over the way, and Donal', in a comatose condition, was taken to the whitewashed cottage which the richer of the Dubford inhabitants had prepared for the poorer in times of sickness.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

DONAL' proved a most refractory patient. His condition for some days was critical in the extreme. Yet, even while the shadow of death was menacing him, he would open his mouth only to grumble at circumstances, to resent the doctor's attentions, and refuse medicine until it was poured down his throat. He had always done for himself in every way; and now he was powerless even to move, he resented, with morbid pride, being ministered to in any way by his fellow beings.

The nurse who looked after him had to submit him to an unflinching discipline, which she felt would suit his proud spirit better than



yielding gentleness would have done. The doctor, too, rated him soundly at every visit, professed to grumble at the time wasted on such a churlish patient, and seldom saw Donal' without calling him a fool.

At length he was sufficiently recovered to sit up for a little while every day. The fever and the rheumatism had disappeared; the swellings also, of themselves, had ultimately abated, the doctor having abandoned them to nature as too mysterious to be treated by medicine. With convalescence Donal' became more crabby and



DONAL', MY MAN, I'VE GOT YOU NOW, AND YOU DON'T GET OUT OF HERE TILL I'VE GOT THE OTHER LEG WELL OUT OF THE GRAVE.

intolerable than ever. It was deemed expedient to hide his boots, for as soon as he had one leg out of bed he vowed that he would depart and get about his business.

"You'd better set about making your own coffin, then," said Dr. MacPhee. "No, Donal', my man, I've got you now, and you don't get out of here till I've got the other leg well out of the grave." And it was two months before Donal' was again waving time for the Dubford choir, during which time the insidious Sandy McMorland had so secured the admiration of the trebles and altos, and the jealousy of the

tenors and basses, that Donal' found his nose completely out of joint. The members of the choir rebelliously asked for tunes which he had never countenanced, much less learnt. Under McMorland's *régime* they had tasted the sweets of novelty, and they were now loth to be confined to the limited repertory of Donal'. Moreover, there began to be talk in the air of a harmonium; McMorland could play the harmonium, as anyone passing his cottage of an evening would testify, and he had been seen coming out of the Laird's gate with price-lists from a music warehouse in his hand.

During Donal's absence, also, Mackie, the joiner, had finished building a new workshop, and had secured several jobs that might have found their way into his humbler business. So that when poor Donal' was able to return to the roof under which he and Janet had so long lived, he found himself an altered man in many unexpected ways from his visit to London, his business mostly gone (it was never very brisk), his prestige as precentor at a low ebb, and his little stock of savings seriously in peril.

For many a day after he was well again he was constrained to sit brooding over Janet's fire. At length came the news long dreaded and expected. The Laird had finally offered a brand-new harmonium to the church. The kirk-session debated seriously over the innovation, and finally appointed a committee of three to proceed to Glasgow to inspect the proffered instrument; and these returned with such persuasive descriptions of mahogany front, ivory keys, and rows of suggestive stops, that the elders, one and all, fell before the temptation of so much solid property, and appointed a Sunday on and after which all the church music at Dubford was to be instrumentally accompanied. McMorland, of course, was constituted organist; Donal' was to retain his post as precentor, but, as he somehow ascertained, at a lower stipend than McMorland's.

The Sunday arrived. McMorland came to church spruce and smiling, with newest clothes, and beaming with the bland fatness of prosperity. He presided on a high stool at the richly veneered instrument, which stood for the new in the midst of so much that was old, idly leaning his plump hands on the sides of the harmonium and scanning, not the difficult-looking music in front of him, but the congregation expectantly filing into the galleries. There was a reporter there with whom he exchanged the nearest approach to a wink of which an organist may be supposed capable. Behind the harmonium—literally in a back seat—sat Donal' Scrimgeour, still precentor, still there, nominally to conduct as heretofore. Yet in the group around him he felt a pair of interlopers in McMorland and his box of music. He himself was a sad contrast

to the florid musician. Stooping and pale with his recent illness, shrunken in his clothes—and those clothes shiny from too long wear—he felt and looked no longer the leader of psalmody and praise in Dubford.

The minister entered and announced the hymn. As of old, Donal' and his choir stood up, and the precentor, sounding his tuning fork, hummed successively the notes on which the four parts were to begin. As of old, the precentor waved a bar with his rhythmless-looking hand—and then, from that moment, his leadership ceased. McMorland chimed in with his braying instrument in a different key, in a different time. There was a brief space for the singers to choose, if they ever hesitated, whether to follow the old in Donal' or the new in McMorland. But there were no signs of hesitation. Tradition was routed with total disregard, and innovation won the day.

"Young man," said Donal' grimly to McMorland in the vestry afterwards, "am I the leader of psalmody in this kirk, or are you?"

The minister, who was present, made haste to escape.

"Ye must recollect, Mr. Scrimgeour," said McMorland compromisingly, "that a grand instrument like yon's no to be controlled just with a wave o' the hand. It's just pittin' new wine into auld bottles to try to haul it in as you was daein' the day. Ye must just recollect that."

And Donal's discomfiture was complete. He still retained his seat behind the harmonium, he still waved his hand as before; but pitch-notes and time-beats were alike disregarded, and he was completely eclipsed by his triumphant rival.

Through his luckless visit to London our Donal' had clearly lost his trade, and impaired his health and dignity. He had already reduced his necessities of living as low as possible; and now his pride dictated to him a step, which, however honourable, looked at first sight fatal.

He threw up his sinecure as precentor. At a meeting of the kirk-session, a soiled and illegible communication was handed in, after deciphering which, that body understood that Mr. Scrimgeour no longer intended to act as precentor. Mr. McMorland, who happened to be present, allowed a chuckle to escape him

(which was the primary cause of the notable incident of the reduction of salary that occasioned the well-remembered stir in the session a year later). It was almost at once agreed that it would not be necessary to appoint a new precentor.

This step of Donal's, however inimical to his direct interests, brought him some friendly feeling among the more conservative of the parishioners. At Doctor MacPhee's private instigation, a philanthropical busybody in the congregation set on foot a movement which altered the whole aspect of Donal's declining days.

This was the presentation of an illuminated address and a purse of sovereigns by the congregation to its retiring precentor. The address was very handsome; and the money part of the gift was so much so that with it Donal' was enabled to buy himself a small annuity.

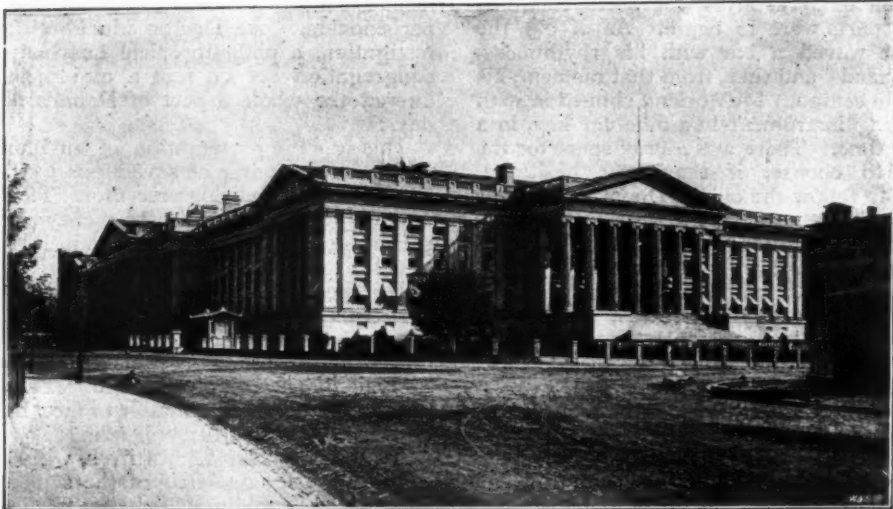
His speech on the occasion of this presentation was memorable for its brevity, though somewhat baffling to the local reporter present. The "*Drumknowe Chronicle*" referred to Donal's thanks being expressed "in a few well-chosen words." As a matter of fact, he merely grunted, and remarked "H'm'm!"

To this day Donal' still lives, with his conscience, in the same half of the same cottage, seeking and avoiding the society of his devoted sister in exactly the same way as before. He is known as a reserved but observant old man, who has seen and studied deeply the ways of London society. He is also somewhat notorious among such of the medical world as Doctor MacPhee can call his friends, as the "old man who had that wonderful rheumatic complication about which I wrote to the '*Lancet*,' you remember!"

Nobody but Donal' knows the truth about his London journey, and Janet is the only other person who ever knew the explanation of his mysterious contusions. As a matter of fact, he had been trying to doctor himself in an original fashion. He had heard that the sting of a bee is an antidote for rheumatism; and he had roused some angry inmates of his hives to apply this Spartan remedy, with, as it turned out, no beneficial results.

One problem Donal's conscience still revolves—what he ought to offer the doctor for his devoted attendance. But he is in no hurry to solve it, winding up his frequent cogitations on this point with a postponing "H'm'm!"

## ILLUSTRATED PAPER MONEY.



TREASURY BUILDING, WASHINGTON.

THE Treasury of the United States is the largest issuer of paper money in the world. Gold coins are in circulation in America only to a comparatively small extent. It is possible for a cashier in a retail business house to go for weeks without handling a gold coin. Gold can be had for the asking at a bank, when drawing a cheque, or obtaining change. The coins are the double eagle, worth \$20; the eagle, worth \$10; the half and quarter eagles; and the gold dollar. These coins, however, are not generally in circulation as sovereigns and half sovereigns are in England. The great bulk of the money which passes from hand to hand in retail trade and in ordinary cash transactions is of paper.

The paper currency is of four descriptions. These are, to take them in the order of their issue from the Treasury, United States notes, or greenbacks as they are popularly called; the notes of the hundreds of national banks organised under Federal laws and carried on under the close supervision of one of the subdivisions of the Treasury Department; and silver certificates, and Treasury notes, issued under the authority of the Silver Laws of 1878 and 1890.

All this paper money, of which there are hundreds of millions in circulation, is printed at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington; and, unlike our matter-of-fact English bank notes, all the paper money issued through the United States Treasury is of an artistic character. American dollar bills, which

have become dirty and greasy and frayed at the edges by much handling, are not pleasant things either to see or to touch; but crisp and clean as they leave the Treasury on their excursion into the world, the notes and bills are usually triumphs of the steel engraver's art.

The foremost artists and the most expert and successful steel engravers in the world are at the call of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. Several famous engravers are constantly in its service; and ever since the issue of greenbacks was commenced, the paper currency has been incidentally used as a means of impressing on the popular mind the memory of men and events prominent in the history of the country.

No consistent and carefully thought-out plan has ever been drawn up for this teaching of American history by means of the engravings on the greenbacks and bank bills; but if a student were in possession of a set of proofs of the official work of the Bureau of Engraving from the time of the issue of the first greenback in 1862, to the issue of the singularly beautiful silver notes comprised in the new series of 1896, he could extra-illustrate a history of America from the landing of Columbus to the World's Fair of 1893. In one or other of the series of bank bills, or Treasury notes, or in the series of postage and inland revenue stamps issued since the sixties, it would be found that a tribute had been paid to the memory of nearly every man of any pro-



minence from the time of Columbus to that of Grant and Sherman.

Up to 1896 these memorials on the paper currency were confined to discoverers with pre-eminent claims to honour in America; to American statesmen, to great commanders ashore and afloat; to jurists and to public financiers. Since 1896, however, Literature and Science have received their due, and a visitor to America to-day who finds himself in possession of a one dollar bill of the new series may receive a reminder from it, that Irving and Emerson, Cooper and Hawthorne, Longfellow and Bancroft, were of American birth; and that Fulton, of steam-boat fame, and Morse, the inventor of telegraphy, were also Americans.

To anyone of ordinary intelligence, the new one dollar note outlines the history of the United States. In wreaths of honour which form the edging of the note are the names of the Fathers of the Republic, and of the statesmen, from Washington to Lincoln, who conducted the affairs of the country up to the period of the Civil War. There are also the names of Grant, Sherman, and Farragut, the great commanders on the side of the North in the war; and with these are the names of the American men of literature and of science who have already been mentioned.

The face of the note is taken up with an engraving which has been entitled by its designer "History Instructing Youth." The sketch is essentially American in its design and conception; much more so than any of the other notes of the old or new series. In a money changer's window in London or Berlin, the engraving on the note would itself indicate the country of its origin. The picture tells its own story, and tells it admirably. Youth is represented by a well-drawn figure of a boy of nine or ten; History by the figure of a woman draped with the American flag. These two figures occupy the left-hand side of the note. In the foreground is the Potomac River. Beyond are the Washington Monument and the National Capitol. The boy is standing; the woman is seated. Both figures are looking across the Potomac. The left hand of the female figure is outstretched, pointing to the Capitol building; and the expression, as well as the attitude of the two figures, subtly suggests the title which has been given to the engraving.

In the right-hand corner are the pages of an open book, on which are engraved the preamble and the first two sections of the Constitution of the United States. On the reverse side of the note, printed in the historic colour which gave the early notes the name of greenbacks, are beautiful vignettes of George and Martha Washington. After the portrait of the Queen on our own postage stamps, no vignettes in the Old World or the New are better known than these. They have appeared on American stamps for generations, and they have been impressed on the one dollar notes issued from the United States Treasury for the last thirty years. The other vignettes on the various

series and denominations of notes drop out of use when the series on which they were first engraved comes to an end. There are, however, three vignettes which are never permitted to become back numbers at the Bureau of Engraving at Washington. These are those of Washington and his wife and that of Lincoln.

None of the paper money of the United States now in circulation goes farther back than the War of the Rebellion. The issue of greenbacks was begun when the United States were in dire straits for money. When they were first printed there was no intention that they should be used even incidentally in the teaching of American history. Something was wanted to give them an artistic finish and a national character, and accordingly vignettes of Washington and Martha Washington were printed on the face of them. At this juncture in the history of the United States hard money was exceedingly scarce, and issues of paper money were, before the Civil War came to an end, brought down to as low denominations as ten and five cents. These issues were popularly known as shin plasters. None of them are in circulation to-day; but in the sixties, to a very great extent, these small bills took the place of coin, and people handled silver at that time almost as infrequently as they now handle gold coins.

These notes of small denominations, like the larger bills, were ornamented with vignettes of men prominent in public life. After the Superintendent of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing had gone through the gallery of national portraiture from the Fathers of the Country to the last member of Congress who had made a stirring speech in support of the Union, he worked his way down to lesser people, and one day astonished the country by printing a shin-plaster with his own vignette engraved upon it. This departure from good taste was too much. It could not be passed over in silence, even in war time; and in 1864 there was an Act of Congress which prohibited vignettes of men still alive being engraved upon paper money or stamps. At this time there were in circulation notes and stamps on which were vignettes of Lincoln and other statesmen of the war period. These were not withdrawn; but in the new series, the Secretary of the Treasury, who settles these matters according to his own political leanings and artistic tastes, was ordered to confine himself to men who had passed away. As one result of this Act, there was a run on the statesmen of the period of the Revolution, and people were made familiar with the faces of such men as Adams and Franklin.

For the first twenty years or so after the Government began the issue of greenbacks, and after the national banks were organised, the Republicans were in power. During this time their heroes were given the preference; and the statesmen of the South who had been

on the unpopular side in the long-drawn-out controversy as to slavery, made no appearance on the notes, the bank bills, or the stamps. In the later period of Republican rule at Washington, during the presidencies of Hayes and Arthur, the vignettes of Union generals, as they died, were engraved on the currency. The vignette of President Garfield, who was assassinated in 1881, was at once placed on a series of notes put in circulation a few months after his death.

When the first Cleveland Administration came into power in 1885, men who had been in opposition to the Republicans began to get their due. Hancock was a successful Union general. He was, however, a Democrat in politics, and was consequently held in but little esteem by Republican Secretaries of the Treasury. When the Democrats regained power in 1885, General Hancock's vignette began to appear on the currency issues. When Vice-President Hendricks died during Mr. Cleveland's first administration, his vignette was immediately placed on a new series of five dollar bills. Ex-President Harrison was a general in the war, and since the war has stood high as a constitutional lawyer. During his term of office from 1889 to 1893 generals were greatly in vogue at the Bureau of Engraving; and the vignettes of Sherman, Meade, Sheridan, Thomas, and Macpherson adorn the issues of this period. A place was also given on one issue to the late Chief Justice Marshall, of the United States Supreme Court.

Soon after Mr. Cleveland came in for his second term, in 1893, the form of note which had been in use since the earliest series was discarded in favour of designs like that for the one dollar note which has been described. The new plan of the Secretary of the Treasury and the Superintendent of the Bureau of Engraving was to issue notes, which, on the face of them, expressed not only their denomination, but also an idea. The new two dollar note represents "Science presenting Steam and Electricity to Commerce and Manufacture;" while on the new five dollar note there is an elaborate design representing "America Illuminating the World." These new designs will not supersede the vignettes. In the older series, vignettes were engraved on the face of the notes; on their backs were elaborate tracery designs intended to prevent counterfeiting. On the new notes, the vignettes are engraved on the back, usually two vignettes on each note; so that the incidental teaching of American history by means of the paper currency is continued.

On the early issues of the bank notes there were reproductions of the historic paintings with which the Rotunda of the Capitol is de-

corated. These are "The Landing of Columbus in 1492," "The Discovery of the Mississippi by De Soto in 1541," "The Baptism of Pocahontas at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1613," "The Embarkation of the Pilgrim Fathers from Delft Haven, in 1620," "The Signing of the Declaration of Independence on July 4, 1776," and "The Surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga, in October, 1777." By means of the paper currency, millions of people have been made familiar with the art treasures of the National Capitol who have never been at Washington.

Women figure in two of the Capitol pictures; in "The Baptism of Pocahontas," and in "The Departure of the Pilgrims from Holland;" but the vignette of Martha Washington is the only one of a woman which has so far been engraved on the currency. As yet no tribute has been paid to any other woman who has figured in American history.

The gallery of national portraiture which has been formed by the Bureau of Engraving contains nearly five hundred pictures. It is growing every year. Many of the pictures are of men who are still alive. They include portraits of inventors and scientists, as well as those of men who have impressed themselves on the recent political life of the nation. As new men come to the front, vignettes of them are put in stock. The subjects of these new pictures see proofs of the engravings; but the pictures are never allowed to go abroad during the lifetime of the originals. Afterwards they are used only on the stamps and the paper currency. To publish any portion of an engraving used in the make-up of the paper currency is a serious offence against the laws of the United States.

United States laws do not, of course, apply in this country; but if any attempt had been made to illustrate this article by drawings from the vignettes and engravings in use at the Washington Bureau, it would probably have brought upon the editors a letter of remonstrance from Whitehall. Complaint would have been made to the Foreign Office by the American minister of a breach of international courtesy, and a letter from the Foreign Office or the Home Department would have followed. A case of this kind happened in Canada, when one of the Montreal papers published sketches of the new series of notes. For readers of this article this prohibition is unfortunate, for with half-a-dozen pictures of the old and the new series of notes it would have been possible to show the beauty of much of the work of the Washington Bureau, and the interesting nature of the illustrations which adorn the United States paper currency.

EDWARD PORRITT.



## THE LAST OF THE KLEPHTS.

A GLIMPSE OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.



THE WOMEN AT MISSOLOGHI.

*From the Picture in the National Collection at the Polytechnic in Athens.<sup>1</sup>*

SO much was the popular imagination seized upon by the old stories of Greek brigandage (culminating in a lamentable tragedy in 1870), that it is hard for some to throw off an impression still associating that crime with modern Greece.

Yet the Greek brigandage of the middle of the century was itself but the unworthy offspring of peculiar circumstances which had

made the hillmen of Greece in their fastnesses the last desperate stronghold of Greek patriotism, elsewhere extinguished under Turkish oppression. The "Klephts" themselves were not "brigands" in any common acceptation. They were men who would not submit to the hated Turkish alien Government, and were ready to give their lives and all they had in defence of Greek independence. As for centuries that defence took often the form of harassing and despoiling the Turkish authority, this state of things tended to create a lower residuum among them, who learned to love lawlessness for its own sake.

For more than three centuries—with one

<sup>1</sup> "The Polytechnic," says a correspondent, "comprises a Technical School, and a School of Fine Arts; and this Gallery, containing portraits of national heroes and incidents, autographs, costumes, furniture, weapons, etc., is one of the most sensibly concentrated and well-arranged collections I have ever seen." The pictures do not pretend to be works of art so much as national memorials.

short interval of partial Venetian supremacy and spoliation—Greece lay under the Turkish yoke. During part of that time, she, year by year, paid her terrible tribute of children—the pashas sweeping down on her village communities, and carrying away her most promising lads to be brought up in Constantinople, in absolute ignorance of their fatherland and ancestral faith, to fill the ranks of the famous corps of Janissaries, which was so long the right arm of Ottoman power. Many of these children rose high in the service of the Sultan, and, while devoted to him, yet retained a kindly regard for their own country, and sought to propitiate their fellow countrymen by distributing among them certain local official duties.

Where the Klephts began. While some Greeks were willing to make the best of these scanty advantages, there were others who utterly refused them. These retired to the mountains, and were practically beyond the reach of all government save such as they set up for themselves. Their ranks were recruited from time to time by the inhabitants of villages burned out on various pretexts by the Turks. There is a popular song which sets forth the spirit in which these recruits joined the hillmen.

"Mother," it runs, "to the Turk I cannot be a slave, that I cannot endure: I will take my gun and will henceforth be a Klepht. I will dwell with the wild beasts on the hills and the high rocks. The snows shall be my coverlet, and the stones shall be my bed in the stronghold of the Klephts. I go, but weep not, my mother; bless me rather, and pray that I may kill many Turks."

From time to time the Klephts themselves descended into the valleys (like the Borderers of Scotland), and drove off the flocks and herds of the Turkish population. If times were very hard, they did not always spare their own countrymen, considering themselves to be the soldiers of the common national cause. Indeed the Lowland Greeks generally accepted the same view, and regarded the Klephts with undisguised admiration.

The Klephts at Home. The hillmen wore the same dress as the Greeks of the valley—the short full white skirt and the embroidered cloth jacket with silver buttons—only possibly they wore it with a more barbaric and glittering pomp. At the festivals of the Greek church, the Klepht descended from the hills, in all his glory, and joined the services of the congregation. The Klepht was a temperate man, a respecter of womanhood, and generally the married father of a mountain family. His name for himself was "Pallikar," derived from the words "I spring," or "leap." It remains singularly descriptive of the gait of the Greek peasant. He delighted in triumphs of bodily prowess, of which well-nigh incredible feats are told. One Klepht, fleeing from the Turkish enemy, and finding himself on the edge of a precipice, is said to have severed the trunk of a tree, leaped upon it, and projected it and himself

into the chasm, where, thanks to its foliage and his clever balancing, he reached the bottom in safety. Klephtic feats, we may be sure, lost nothing in the telling. "Patriotic songs," said a great Klephtic leader in after times, "were our hymns and our military newspapers."

The Souliote Rebellion and After. The earliest Greek rising which assumed menacing form, and which may be regarded as the beginning

of the achieved end of Greek independence—though separated from the final struggle by a period of blankest hopelessness—was that suppressed at Souli, where the hillmen had really established a little republic of their own. Driven from fastness to fastness, the patriot garrison underwent every conceivable misery of war and famine before it would surrender. Its final dispersion, when women voluntarily sought death rather than Turkish captivity, was attended with circumstances of the utmost cruelty.

So far as immediate results were obtained, all the courage and fortitude of those days seemed utterly wasted. Possibly the future of Greece had never looked more hopeless than during the first decades of the present century. But the poet Rigas, though himself executed, had left his songs behind him, recording his conviction that "one hour of freedom was better than forty ages of slavery and chains." Lord Byron, by translating the Greek poet's impassioned,

"Sons of the Greeks! arise!"

had set it ringing through Europe, though at that time, even to Lord Byron's eyes, Greece seemed worthy of nothing much better than the chain she wore. The modern Greek seemed to him utterly and hopelessly degenerate, though his sense of humour resented cries of "Greek ingratitude" when rising from statesmen and antiquaries to whom Greece owed nothing but the removal of her classic treasures. Byron himself did not at once grasp the trend of Greek contemporary history. Indeed, it was scarcely possible for it to appear on the surface. Colonel Leake spent months travelling in the Morea, and though he occasionally alludes to "a brigand," there is nothing in the record of his journey to show that he knew he was travelling through a country writhing in bitter bondage, and already suffering the throes of final deliverance.

Byron found no native social life in Athens, nothing but the neglected remains of her glorious past. Men who, a few years later, took active and honourable part in their country's regeneration, were then glad to earn bread in what would have been, in Byron's eyes, servile occupations. One such was in the poet's own employment. Byron was astonished by his later developments, remarking that "surely character sometimes gets opportunity in circumstance, for his servant had seemed to him but a decent quiet man, about whom there was nothing significant save that his sons were christened Miltiades and Alci-

biades!" Yet Byron's high opinion or some of his own Greek servants seems to have done something to save him from catching the tone, fashionable at the time, which insisted only on Greek greed, duplicity, secretiveness, and depravity generally. Few seemed to remember that oppression is no school for the sweeter graces and virtues. Under its influence men of strong, if uncultivated intellect, were not likely to develop into "good simple souls." Whatever they might be by nature, they learned to be stern and prompt—to be close and subtle—to cherish suspicion and mistrust. No corrupt government can be without a baleful reflection on those it governs. As one of the later historians of modern Greece has remarked, "When a people is not allowed to play the lion, it must either learn to play the fox or perish."

Influences, actually originating in that unhappy period of darkest defeat, finally led on to the attainment of all which the vanquished had desired. Among such, we have to count the effect produced by the tale of national daring and martyrdom on the minds of Greeks resident abroad. Some of these had been too ready to despair for Greece, and to forget their country's woe in individual prosperity. Then there were young Greeks who, deprived of any career in their own land, settled down to literary labour in the great university towns in Europe, and who were thus able to follow up the interest excited in Greece by Byron's poetry, and his translation of Rigas' war song. Prominent among these, we may mention Koraes, who, because the pen is mightier than the sword, and because the forces of personal character and individual reasoning are the levers that finally move the masses of mankind, is put by some as among the foremost of his country's redeemers.

A secret society, having for its aim the liberation of Greece, was formed in European capitals in 1815. And in 1821 the standard of the nation was once more fairly raised, never again to drop, though many, indeed, were its vicissitudes ere it was firmly planted.

The Great Rising. At the first word of rebellion in Greece, the Sultan turned upon his Greek subjects resident in Constantinople. The Greek Patriarch was executed without open trial, and with every circumstance of indignity. His body was dragged through the streets and cast into the Bosphorus. By a truly marvellous combination of circumstances it was picked up from the waves by a ship taking Greek fugitives to Odessa. It lay in an honoured grave at Odessa till fifty years afterwards, when, with all pomp and circumstance of solemn rejoicing, it was borne to a final resting-place in the new and arisen Athens.

Among the first heroes and victims of this last struggle was a young man known as "Athanasius the Deacon," who, in his graceful beauty and romantic courage, is one of the most

attractive personalities of the time. With 1,500 men, he attempted to hold two roads, one of which led to Bœotia by Thermopylæ (inspiring name!) The Turkish force which he opposed numbered 9,000 cavalry and infantry. His dearest friends and kinsmen were slain before his eyes. When his men realised the overwhelmingly superior force of the foe, many of them fled precipitately, leaving him with only fifty staunch followers. "Athanasius knows not flight," he said, and even when the half hundred were reduced to ten, he still fought on for nearly an hour, and was covered with wounds before he was taken prisoner. He was speedily consigned to a cruel death, and as he was led out on the fair morning, even his own stout heart was touched by the pathos of his end. "What!" he said, "has death come for me in the time of flowers and green leaves?" But no wail of pain escaped him; he only cried:

"It is but one Greek more. As a Greek I have lived, as a Greek I will die! And others remain!"

A great Greek victory was afterwards won on almost the same ground, on the very eve of Lord Byron's landing at Missolonghi. The hero of this second battle died upon its field.

The Last of the Klepts. Too many names crowd upon the pen which attempts to tell any part of the story of the Greek War of Independence. It was a special peculiarity of the Greek Revolution that it had no single leader. It was a rising of the whole people, simply grouped about local leaders, generally the chief "Klept" of the district.

A clear impression of the period may possibly be best obtained by following the career of one of its most prominent figures, merely alluding to other leading characters and portentous events as they fall into place and date in his history. Among other reasons why we should select Theodore Kolokotronès as this typical figure of the Greek Revolution, is the fact that in his old age the warrior was induced to dictate his autobiography—an interesting "human document," sincere and naïve, an epic in its direct simplicity, which has been translated into English by Mrs. Edmonds.

An heroic figure is he; only to be likened to one of those antique statues, perhaps rough of execution, possibly even incorrect in outline, which yet arrest the eye and seize the memory by right of their virile strength, and their abounding share of the human nature which recognises itself in them.

He belonged to a family which had always stoutly contested Turkish rule. Born, "under a tree," in 1770, his childhood and youth were passed in the shadow of the abortive struggle of the following decades—a shadow which came very near, for his own valiant father fell in one of the encounters. The circumstances which surrounded the boy saved him from all risk of boyish forgetfulness. For instance, when he was twelve years old, his mother sent him

down from the hillside to dispose of some wood in the town of Tripolitza and bring back flour and salt. On his way he was waylaid and beaten by a Turk. He managed, however, to go on again, and sold his firewood, but he brought back neither flour nor salt—he bought a sword instead!

So formidable was the warlike prestige of the Kolokotroni family, that in 1804 the Porte ordered the extirpation of the whole clan. At this time thirty-six of Theodore's near relations perished, along with one hundred and fifty of their dependents. Nearly all these men have

"It is not raining, it is not snow; they are tears of bitter weeping,

"In which the firman which has come the Morea is steeping.

"Romaics, Turks, are all in arms, our Klephts beloved betraying—

"The Klephts, the Kolokotroni now, they eagerly are slaying."

Theodore Kolokotronès' first military service was on the British side at our occupation of the Ionian Islands. There he made friends with General Sir Richard Church, a devoted lover of Greece. But before engaging in this foreign service, Kolokotronès laid down the following conditions: "that he was never to be sent far from the seven islands, never to fight except upon ground owned by the Turks, and never to lay aside his own national dress."

In connection with the last of these stipulations, it may be mentioned that, "dressed in the Greek fustanella, he wore, during the whole of the war, not a fez, but a helmet, declaring that his mind was with the Greeks of old." While serving with the British in the Ionian Islands he refused to hang a tassel to his sword, acting up to the words of Rigas' song—"Better to lose one's life for the Fatherland than to hang a foreign tassel to one's sword"—written in rebuke of many Greeks who, fleeing from their own miseries, took mercenary service in foreign armies.

The Horror  
of Scio.

From 1821 to 1828 Theodore Kolokotronès was always in the field. Those were terrible years. In 1822 occurred the awful Turkish massacre of the inhabitants of the Island of Scio. Scio was one of the places on which Turkish rule had hitherto rested most lightly. Fertile and beautiful, it also enjoyed immunities and privileges, especially as to education, not open to Greeks elsewhere in the Sultan's dominions. Consequently, it had become a favourite dwelling-place for quiet, cultured people, scholars, and widows consulting the good of their families. But because the Sciotes were suspected of sympathy with the patriotic rising on the main land, the Sultan poured hordes of the scum of Constantinople and Asia Minor into the doomed island, with the result that in the course of a few days 25,000 people were put to death among nameless horrors, about 47,000 dragged off into still more dreadful slavery; so that, out of a population of nearly 80,000, only about 5,000 remained, and those struck to the very heart. There is some variation in the statistics of this



KANAREES ATTACKING THE TURKISH SHIPS.

From the National Collection.

been celebrated in divers popular songs. How they were regarded by their own countrymen, these village songs bear witness. We take a few, as translated by Mrs. Edmonds:

"The sun is shining brightly on the hills—on the plains, and on the strongholds of the Klephts. But where are the Kolokotroni?

"O God, where are the Kolokotroni gone, that they come no longer to weddings or to feasts?

"How heavy is that cloud which, ready now to break, doth lower;

"The waters cover all the plains, snows on the hill tops shower.



massacre, but we take the most moderate computation.

These horrors seem to have brought to the front the Greek naval hero, Kanares, who, accompanied by a friend and a few followers, drove his little ship, with many details of great personal valour, straight among the Turkish men-of-war, which he fired and sank. The Turkish High Admiral himself escaped, but only to die, miserably injured, upon the very beach of the Scio he had desolated. The victors returned to harbour, to walk quietly to a neighbouring church and return thanks for their conquest over the cruel invader.

Later on in the war, Kanares repeated the same tactics with equal success, and a third effort of his would have destroyed the Egyptian fleet (sent to aid the Sultan) but for the rising of an unfavourable wind. Kanares lived to receive the highest honours from his liberated country.

The Story of Missolonghi. Greek women bore an active share even in the military and naval operations of those bitter years. Boubolina, the widow of a shipmaster, not only gave vessels to her country's cause, but commanded them herself. Women, too, fought all through the siege of Missolonghi, whose fall in 1826 was one of the darkest days in the history of the national war. For ten months this little seaport (where Byron, at last casting in his lot with the struggling nation, had lived and died only two years earlier) had withstood an overwhelming Turkish force under the Sultan's vassal, the Egyptian, Ibrahim Pasha. At last, pressed sore by famine, the garrison—reduced from 5,000 to 3,000 fighting men—cut its way out, carrying its women and children through the enemy, and, of course, suffering frightful loss. As the forlorn party issued forth in the drizzling night, they said to each other, "God Himself weeps for us."

Kolokotronês records that out of all the besieged only 2,000 were saved. Most of the women and children perished. He himself tells us how the sad news was brought to the Greek leaders, convened in solemn council:

"The news came to us on the Great Wednesday (in Passion Week) at evening time, when the meeting of the assembly was over, and the shades of night were closing round us. We were all plunged in great grief; for half an hour there was so complete a silence that no one would have thought there was a living soul present. When I saw this great silence, I rose to my feet, and spoke some words to encourage them. I told them that Missolonghi had fallen gloriously, and that her bravery would be for ever remembered; but that if we gave ourselves up to mourning, we should bring upon ourselves a curse, and that we should be guilty of sinning against all those who were weak."

Then, like a wise man and a good tactician, he proposed new practical measures, and got them in force on the following morning.

Ibrahim Pasha had been in Greece for fully a year before he took Missolonghi. His policy, as he openly declared to an English officer, was "to burn and destroy the whole Morea, so that it should be profitable neither to the Greeks, nor to him, nor to any one." He charged his lieutenant in Messenia, with explicit instructions, not to *kill*, but to *burn and destroy*, when of course want and misery would finish the work. With this threat, he sent also proposals of submission.

In the name of the people of Messenia, Kolokotronês replied: "What if you do cut down and burn up all our trees, you cannot dig up and carry off the earth which nourished them; that same earth will still remain ours, and will bear them again. If only one Greek shall be left, we will still go on fighting; and never hope that you will make our earth your own—dismiss that from your mind."

Ibrahim once taunted Kolokotronês that he avoided encounter with Ibrahim's forces. The Greek leader sent word that if Ibrahim would engage with him in single combat, he would be most willing to give him the opportunity. Ibrahim did not reply.

The attention of the English, Russian, and French admirals being directed to the deeply reaching barbarity of Ibrahim's mode of warfare, they at first refused to believe it. When convinced of the truth, they demanded that it should cease. This request was not heeded. Then Sir Edward Codrington, having, as Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean squadron, taken up a position in the Dardanelles, was fired upon by the Turkish fleet, partly, it is said, in misunderstanding. Anyhow, it resulted in a battle and a brilliant victory. But while Sir Edward was formally "complimented" for his valour, the English Government of the day regarded this battle as "an untoward event," and recalled Codrington.

Yet, after even this lukewarm intervention, Kolokotronês significantly adds, "The rage of war now ceased."

Nevertheless, when Ibrahim discovered that Europe was at last aroused to his atrocities, and that French support was coming to the national party in Greece, his parting blow was to go to the city of Tripolitza and utterly destroy it, pulling down all the houses and sowing the place with salt.

Kolokotronês shows in his autobiography that he had been all along fully aware of the merits of his cause, of the desperation of the endeavour, and of the peculiar difficulty of having, not only to do the work, but to make the tools. Also, he evidently knew of what stuff the average world is made.

For he writes:

"Our rising was totally different from any which had ever taken place in Europe before our day. The revolutions of Europe had always been against their rulers—they were civil wars. Our war was more just than any of them—it was a nation rising up against another nation—it was a war with a people it had never desired to acknowledge as rulers; to whom it had never taken oaths of fealty except when made to do so by force; neither had a Sultan at any time

any inclination to regard the Greek people as his people, but only as his slaves. . . .

"The world said we were fools, because if we had not been fools we should not have made the rising until we had first got together our ammunition, our cavalry, our explosives, our powder magazines and our stores; we should have reckoned up our own powers as against the Turkish power. Now when we have conquered, when we have successfully terminated our struggles, we are praised and we are applauded; if we had not succeeded, we should have been reviled and cursed. . . .

"The commandship of a Greek army was of necessity a perfect martyrdom, because the commander was made to be both leader, judge and adviser, and therefore they had to run to him to and fro each day; he had to hold his camp together by cajolery and promising tales; to him was left the procuring of supplies and ammunition, and no one listened until the leader called. In Europe, on the contrary, the commander-in-chief gave his orders to his generals, the generals to the colonels, and the colonels to the majors, and so throughout. The general formed his plan of campaign, and it was carried out. If Wellington had given me an army of forty thousand I could have governed it; but if five hundred Greeks had been given him to lead he could not have governed them for an hour."

Once, he tells us, he worked "straight off" for twenty-four hours, only at the end of the twentieth hour he went to his tent and ate a small piece of bread. His secretary said to him, "I beseech thee study thyself, Kolokotronês; thy country will reward thee."

"My country will banish me rather," replied the shrewd Kolokotronês, and in his autobiography he adds slyly, "Fate brought this about and verified it."

Kolokotronês seems to have been so beloved that he might easily have made himself king of the Morea. Some of the folk-songs boldly describe him as such. It appears that even those Greeks who "submitted" to the Turks and served in the Turkish army, yet absolutely refused to be led against Kolokotronês. "Against anyone else, yes; but not against our king."

Peculiar Difficulties of the Position. This strong attachment, existing in various degrees, between the bands and their different local leaders, gave renewed trouble to Greece, even when her foreign oppressors were fading out of the land. Her new and rudimentary government was composed of men who, each in his own sphere, had been accustomed to command rather than to co-operate. The unhappy environment in which they had lived had developed in them jealousy, suspicion, and a spirit of violence. Nor had they any conscious unity. Many had been fighting for their own hand, scarcely aware of a common aim. As Kolokotronês remarks, "It was not until the rising that all the Greeks were brought into communication. There were men who knew of no place beyond a mile of their own locality."

Some of the most enthusiastic foreign advocates of Greek liberty were bitterly disappointed when they found that oppression and wrong, and the wrath engendered in throwing these off, had not manufactured angelic beings. They forgot that if angelic beings were the general product of oppres-

sion and wrong, then the strongest argument against these would be destroyed!

The leading Greeks, too, of this period were more familiar with the sword than with the machinery of government. Small wonder, therefore, that in their hands it rolled heavily, and that friction and collision soon arose.

The first Governor chosen for the new country was a native of Corfu, but he was Russian-reared, had been in the Russian diplomatic service, and was saturated with all the prejudices of Russian despotism. He was inclined to govern as a high-handed autocrat—a tendency little likely to ingratiate colleagues, many of whom had been unused to any laws but of their own making.

The consequence of this unpopularity was that, in 1831, the Governor was assassinated by two young men belonging to one of the patriot families—a household of whom Kolokotronês naïvely remarks, that it "had poured out much of its blood in the course of our independence, but it was a family which always had a propensity to commit assassinations," of which he proceeds to enumerate both public and private instances!

At this fatal time, likely to prove so disastrous to the new Independence, Kolokotronês seems to have kept a firm hand on the helm of state, without putting himself forward as the captain of the ship. He was largely instrumental in bringing in the idea of a king, who should at once rule in the interests of Greece and be in touch with the great Powers of Europe. The great Powers bickered a little among themselves, and then approved the appointment of Otho, son of King Ludwig I of Bavaria.

Otho was a mere lad of seventeen, brought up in a corrupt palace and amid the traditions of despotism. Immediately on his accepting the crown, Kolokotronês seems to have retired into private life, and, as he says, "passed all my time in husbandry, and rejoiced greatly to watch the small trees which I had planted myself grow and flourish." Yet among the King's courtiers intrigue was busy asserting that the great Klepht was the leader of a party of discontent, opposed to the idea of the monarchy, and only too ready to seize the supreme power himself.

The Patriot's Fate.

All this ended in the old warrior experiencing the treatment which has been too often accorded to patriots in all ages and countries. At the age of sixty-four he was arrested, detained in rigid confinement for six months (asking himself, as he says, "If I were really myself or some other"), and then arraigned before the national tribunal. His own assertion is that his witnesses, men of honour and repute, were discredited, while the adverse testimony of "men of no account" was eagerly received.

The sentence of death was read. It is said that some members of the court had been simply forced to sign it at the point of the bayonet.

Kolokotronês "was not voluble in his own defence, and he made no appeal to his past services. 'Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit,' were the only words which fell clearly and unflatteringly from the lips of the old warrior in the near presence, as he then thought, of death from the hands of the executioner. Then he crossed himself, and *took a pinch of snuff*."

He himself says: "I had seen death near me so many times that I did not fear it—not then. Better that I should be killed unjustly than justly. I was sorry for Koliopoulos (a patriot arraigned by his side, his life-long friend and colleague), because he had a large family. We ate in the evening; at daybreak I made my will, and prepared for the hour of death. After two hours we learned that the King had granted us our lives."

The sentence was commuted to twenty years' imprisonment. "Then I shall cheat the Government," said Kolokotronês, "for I shall not live the twenty years." He was right, he lived only ten years, but, after all, those were not spent in prison. At the end of nine months they were released by order of the King. The people received them in a way which Kolokotronês says "made me forget all the troubles through which I had passed." Henceforth, in his own words, "he remained in peace and quietness."

Three years later, in 1838, at the re-establishment of the University of Athens (which had well nigh perished in the national conflict, 500 of its students having fallen in a single fruitless battle), Kolokotronês was called on to address the young men. The gathering took place by the remains of the old city wall. The grizzled General stood on the stone of the Pnyx (once the platform of Demosthenes), his face towards the glorious ruins of the Acropolis. The rough eloquence of his speech filled the audience with enthusiasm, till it was moved to tears by his closing words, "that he had always prayed to fall sword in hand in battle, but he was now condemned to end his days on a couch."

Characteristics of Kolokotronês. Theodore was not an educated man, in the common acceptation of that phrase. He says, "In my youth, when I had time to learn, there were not many schools. There were only a few schools where I could learn reading and writing." He did not read the history of Greece till he was about thirty years of age. But if he did not know books, he had known men, and had abounded in shrewd and quaintly significant humour, of which many instances are given.

For example, having an abscess on his back, he asked his men how it looked. One told him it was no bigger than a pea, another that it was the size of a cherry, while a third assured him it was as large as an egg. "Strange!" remarked Kolokotronês, "the distance is but from my head to my back, yet I cannot learn the truth!"

Again on a certain Sunday, a lampoon directed against him was found nailed to the

door of the church, attracting a large crowd. Kolokotronês, going to mass, saw this, took down the paper, and put it into his pocket; but at the close of the service he requested the priest to read it aloud to the congregation, and then inquired whether he had merited such insult. The people broke into cheers, and that which had been intended for his discomfiture secured him an ovation.

But Theodore, unlearned himself, had all the Greek admiration for scholarship, and his own consciousness of the want of early education only made him more zealous to extend its advantages to the coming generation. He often attended the lectures of the University, sitting side by side with the students. When his son was preparing for his classes, the father used to pace up and down the room. Once he said suddenly, "Kolinos, which do you take to be the great house of the nation?" "The King's Palace?" questioned the boy. "No," said the old soldier, "it is the University."

Like all Klephts (indeed like all mountaineers of all countries) Kolokotronês was superstitious; he had been an adept in "divining" by the bones of sheep; he believed in the portents of dreams, and had even guided his military measures in accordance thereto. But, anyhow, he had a shrewd realisation of the practical results likely to spring from superstition in others. For he tells us that when starting out for one of his greater expeditions "three hares crossed our path and the Greeks caught them all. 'Now, lads,' I cried, 'victory is certain.' The Greeks have a presage either of conquest or defeat when they meet hares as they set out from a camp. They did not kill them (the Greeks dislike taking animal life—save for purposes of food), and if they had not been able to catch them the hearts of the Greeks would have been so depressed that they would have lost the battle."

M. Gennadius, himself the bearer of a name honoured in the annals of modern Greece, writes:

"With his small savings, Kolokotronês at last built himself a house in Athens, and there he retired to pass the last days of his life in a room, about the only furniture of which was the couch on which he lay. To those who called to pay their respects, 'You see this room,' he said. 'It has no ornaments, the walls are bare, the windows ungarnished. Such is Greece, as we have entrusted her to you, of the younger generation. In 1821 we cleared the ground, we brought together the stones and the mortar, we built the walls and covered them in with a roof. It is for you now to deck the naked walls, to bring in the furniture, to hang the mirrors and light the lamps. This your advancement and enlightenment will do; and the blessings of your fellow men will earn for you a place of rest in the abodes of the just.'"

Indeed, this was the general spirit in which the Greek patriots met their success. One of their poets, writing at this date, transformed the fierce refrain of Rigas—

"Greeks, arise, and let the blood of your enemies flow before your feet,"

into the nobler invocation—



"Greeks, arise, re-kindle the light, and let the burden of ignorance remain with the enemy."

It is touching to read how, in his last days, the brave old Klepht Kolokotronês turned to gentlest thoughts. In his fiercest time he had always had a soft heart and tender ways for his friends. But he had had a hot and passionate temper. It is said that on one occasion when he was reading an English edition of the Greek New Testament, a young man, an official of the Greek Church, reminded him that this was forbidden by the Patriarch, "and therefore you will be accused of God." Kolokotronês, who had been himself excommunicated by the Patriarch at the time when so many of his kinsmen had perished, sprang upon the astounded young man, caught him by the hair, and vindicated his own broader Christianity by knocking him down—reminding one of Lowell's playful lines about—

"Preaching brotherly love, and then driving it in  
To the brain of the tough old Goliath of sin."

Those who knew Kolokotronês said that his signature always revealed the state of his temper. It was only when angry that he gave a capital T to his baptismal name of Theodore!

At the last, however, the passionate temper was gone—having probably been, as is sometimes the case, "the thorn in the flesh" which accompanies strong yearning after justice, strenuous energies, and over-wrought nerves. When his opponents died he could weep, saying, "I differed from them—but I never bore them ill feeling." He forgave those who had been willing to betray or abandon him. He actually took long and troublesome journeys to be reconciled to alienated friends and ancient adversaries.

The inactive old age from which he had seemed to shrink was not to be his trial. He was "going about" up to the day of his death, on February 4, 1843.

Later Times. An important event in more recent Greek history was the abdication of King Otho in 1862. He was never in real sympathy with the democratic spirit of his adopted country, and his popularity was not increased by his surrounding himself with a court of Bavarians.

The vacant throne was eventually accepted by a Danish prince, who reigns under the title of George I.

It was as late as 1834 ere Athens became the capital of the new Greek kingdom. The city itself had then dwindled down to a poor village of about 300 houses, standing in narrow crooked lanes, under the Acropolis. It is now a city of marble palaces, and lovely gardens, where the nightingales sing. Its well-equipped university is attended by about 1,500 students, and its wealthy merchants have delighted to adorn it with an academy of science, a library, a polytechnic institution, a high school for girls, an observatory, and other public institutions, while its archæological museums (despite the spoliation which Greece has suffered) can command the interest and admiration of the learned world. Its population and prosperity are steadily on the increase. The former had risen from about 44,500 in 1870 to 107,800 in 1889. Its harbour, the Piræus, itself a handsome town of upwards of 34,000 inhabitants, is now a flourishing seaport filled with merchantmen from foreign shores. Yet, in 1835, the very name of the ancient port was forgotten.

When we think of how Greece has fallen, and how she has arisen, we cannot but remember how Lord Byron first despaired of Greece—and how, afterwards, he hoped for her and espoused her cause. It has been his hopes which have come true—his endeavours which have been justified.

This century has seen the resurrection to national entity and self-government of the two great Powers of classic times—Italy and Greece. It is possible that neither of them may yet quite fulfil all the bright possibilities foreseen by those of their sons or their champions who wrestled for them while they yet lay in bonds. There are some disabilities natural to youth, either individual or national; but if they be coupled in splendid partnership with noble youth's indomitable hopefulness and chivalry and romance—if the national freedom which these arisen nations have so valued for themselves is held as dear by them when it is the right of others—then let "no man despise their youth." Either to-day or to-morrow it will have its mission.

ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.





## NANSEN'S "FARTHEST NORTH."

IT may be assumed that everyone, by this time, is acquainted with the leading outlines of the Voyage of the *Fram*, the most daring and the most successful voyage of this century, to which no parallel can be found since the time of Columbus. The progress of Dr. Nansen through our country, on his recent visit, has been triumphal. Applications for fifteen thousand tickets for the great gathering in the Albert Hall, six weeks before the event came off, showed that the public interest had been aroused in no common degree; and his receptions upon that memorable occasion and subsequently in the chief places of the kingdom have been befitting a conqueror.

The record of this marvellous journey, which has been published under the title of "Farthest North,"<sup>1</sup> will enhance the fame of the author and leader of the expedition; and the production of this book of more than twelve hundred pages within five months of his return is not the least remarkable of his performances, as it shows that his capacity for *work* is not less extraordinary than his power of *endurance*. For it must not be forgotten that there were simultaneously many claims upon his time, amongst others the inevitable correspondence with which he was deluged, which is said to have exceeded a thousand letters a week. Anyone who sits down to this book will find a difficulty in quitting it, and those who read it right through will rise from its perusal understanding better the combination of strength and tenderness which make the hardest of the hardy look upon its author as a demi-god, and caused little girls to declare, before his departure, "Dear Dr. Nansen, we all love him so very much, and hope he won't go away."

### THE FRAM.

A good deal of space is naturally devoted in the book to the ship and its construction. The essential features of the Expedition were that it was not to struggle against the forces of Nature, but was to take advantage of them,—that they were not to fight against ice-drift, but were to go with it. The thing was to find out the most favourable place for entering the ice, and the point at which it was most likely to carry them across the widest part of the unknown Polar area; and then to let the ship be frozen in, and be carried wherever the ice might take it. To this end it was necessary to

have a strong ship, which was to be their home, their Ark.

Upon submitting his project to the Royal Geographical Society in November, 1892, at a Meeting at which the principal Arctic travellers of England were present, Nansen found that "the authorities" entertained opinions distinctly adverse to his scheme. It may be recalled, without entering into details, that some disbelieved in his current, and that others condemned the proposed build of his ship. The possibility of constructing a craft strong enough to withstand winter ice-pressure was doubted; and, if one strong enough could be constructed, it was conjectured that the ship would disappear beneath the ice, instead of being squeezed out of it. Nansen had to listen a long time to his critics, and when the time came to reply he rose and spoke, straightening himself as he did it, speaking slowly and deliberately with the air of one who had strong convictions, and what he said still rings in the ears of those who heard him. "I have listened attentively to your remarks. I have heard the observations of Sir———, and of Admiral———, etc., etc.; all I can say is, Gentlemen, *I do not agree with you*," and the roar of mingled applause and laughter which followed showed that there were more sympathisers than critics present.

### THE BUILDING OF THE FRAM.

The building of the ship was of vital importance to all concerned. The *Fram* is not beautiful—that is generally admitted. "She is like a bowl, and a transverse section resembles very much that of a cocoa-nut." But handsome is as handsome does, and the *Fram* has been where no ship has gone before, and has done what few ships will do again, and will be classed by posterity with the historical ships.

The general idea was Nansen's, and it was worked out by Mr. Colin Archer, who is not, as one might imagine, a Scotchman, although he is of Scotch origin. "A man," says the leader, "who thoroughly understood the task I set him, and who concentrated all his skill, foresight, and rare thoroughness upon the work. Plan after plan did Archer make of the projected ship; one model after another was prepared and abandoned. . . . What was especially aimed at was to give the ship such sides that it could readily be hoisted up during ice-pressure, without being crushed between the floes. I relied here simply on the sad experiences of earlier expeditions." At the stem there were four feet of solid oak, and the other parts were almost equally massive. The ship was prac-

<sup>1</sup> "Farthest North" being the record of a voyage or exploration of the ship *Fram* 1893-96 and of a fifteen months' sleigh journey by Dr. Nansen and Lieut. Johansen, with an appendix by Otto Sverdrup, Captain of the *Fram*. London: A. Constable & Co. 2 vols. 8vo.

tically keelless, the proportion of beam to length was not calculated for speed, and to the non-professional eye she appeared overmasted. Mr. Archer observed, and the leader says he was quite right, "when one bears in mind what is, so to speak, the fundamental idea of Dr. Nansen's plan in his North Pole Expedition, it will readily be seen that a ship which is to be built with exclusive regard to its suitability for this object must differ essentially from any other known vessel."

When two ardent minds are in pursuit of a common idea there are sure to be differences of opinion; but, says Sir Clements Markham, "Colin Archer, the builder of the *Fram*, declares, that during all the many months she was on the stocks, although they often differed in opinion, he never heard an angry or a hasty word from Nansen."

#### THE CHRISTENING OF THE *FRAM*.

To some of the most eminent travellers of this century, matrimony has been a stumbling-block, which has ended their career in the field. "Payer is finished," wrote Dr. Augustus Petermann to me, shortly after the event occurred, "he is married"; and the prediction has been fulfilled, for Payer, although not idle, has done nothing more as an explorer to sustain his brilliant commencement. And in more recent times, the Great African Lion since his marriage in Westminster Abbey, has ceased to prowl, and has almost ceased to roar—except to the electors of Lambeth.

When the ship was launched, the wife christened it *FRAM* (which means *Forward*), and forward it went, with all that was dearest to her. The book is dedicated "To Her, who christened the ship, and had the courage to wait." Poets seem to be in want of a subject. Let them take as one "The Christening of the *Fram*"; and, if they cannot evolve something from that, the fault will be with the Poets.

#### AN INAUSPICIOUS START.

From the sublime to the ridiculous there is only a step. Nansen can eat raw pony, and polar bear, walrus and blubber, with enjoyment, and yet Nansen can be sea-sick. He says so himself. Two days after they started they were off the Naze.

"I sat up and chatted till late in the night . . . As we sat there in the chart-house and let the hours slip by while we pushed on in the ever increasing swell, all at once a sea burst open the door and poured in. We rushed out on deck. The ship rolled like a log, the seas broke in over the rails on both sides, and one by one up came all the crew. I feared most that the slender davits which supported the long-boats should give way, and the boats themselves should go overboard, perhaps carrying away with them a lot of the rigging. Then twenty-five empty paraffin casks which were lashed on deck broke loose, washed backwards and forwards, and gradually filled with water. But it was worst of all when the piles of reserve timber, spars and planks, began the same dance, and threatened to break the props under the boats. It was an anxious hour. Sea-sick I stood on the bridge, occupying myself in alternately making libations to Neptune,

and trembling for the safety of the boats and the men who were trying to make snug. Now a green sea poured over us and knocked a man off his legs so that the water deluged him; now I saw the lads jumping over hurtling spars and barrels, so as not to get their feet crushed by them . . . We were hard put to it to secure our goods and chattels. We had to throw all our good paraffin casks overboard, and one prime timber haulk after another went the same way, while I stood and watched them sadly as they floated off."

#### THE MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION.

Nansen generally avoids speaking of his companions as *the crew*, though crew they necessarily were. When there was need, *all* had to share the toil; and it was only during periods of repose that each one could turn to his special department. All worked alike, down to the shifting of coal from hold to bunkers. "Ugh! one can hardly imagine a dirtier, nastier job than a spell of coal-shifting on board. It is a pity that such a useful thing as coal should be so black! . . . Coal-dust is flying over the whole deck . . . well, we don't wear our best clothes on such days."

The members of the Expedition were very carefully selected. No sooner did the plan of it become known, "than petitions poured in by the hundred from all quarters of the earth, from Europe, America, Australia, from persons who wished to take part in it." None except Scandinavians were admitted, and especial attention was paid to fitness. Most were Norwegians. Their ages ranged from 25 to 40. Seven out of the twelve were married. No fewer than four had at one time or another been in command of ships, and of the others one was a First Lieutenant in the Navy, and another was a mate. Out of the remainder, the one about whom the most has been heard is Johansen, a Lieutenant in the Army Reserve, who "was so eager to take part in the expedition, that, as no other post could be found for him, he accepted that of a stoker."

From first to last, Nansen has nothing but good to say of his companions. "The leader of an expedition," he says very truly, "is always praised when he is successful. His comrades are very often forgotten. . . . What they can gain is not much, but what they can lose is very much indeed." "My comrades believed in me, and in events where most men would say there was nothing to find except death, I never saw them in the least frightened. Not for a single minute did I see a pale face on board the *Fram*, even when it looked very bad, especially on one occasion when we thought we should lose the ship and have to live on the ice."

#### THE VOYAGE.

They left Bergen on July 2, Tromsø on the 14th, on the 25th sighted Nova Zembla, and a couple of days later met their first ice.

"Hard work for the helmsman. 'Hard a-starboard! Hard a-port. Steady! Hard a-port again!' goes on incessantly without so much as a breathing-space. And he rattles the wheel round, the sweat pours off him, and round it goes

again like a spinning-wheel. The ship swings round, and wriggles her way forward among the floes without touching, if there is only just an opening wide enough for her to slip through; and where there is none she drives full tilt at the ice, runs her sloping bows up on it, treads it under her and bursts the floes asunder. And how strong she is too! Even when she goes full speed at a floe, not a creak, not a sound is to be heard in her; if she gives a little shake it is all she does."

Then hugging the Asiatic coast, zigzagging about between land and ice, on September 10 they rounded the most northern point of the continent (Cape Chelyuskin), though not without a good deal of trouble; but after that things went happily for a time, and they were able to run due north, no ice in sight, up to 77° 44' N. Lat. This was exactly what had been anticipated, for the reasons mentioned on p. 27 of the present volume of the "Leisure Hour." But on September 20, Nansen wrote, "I have had a rough awakening from my dream. As I was sitting at 11 A.M. looking at the map and thinking that my cup would soon be full—we had almost reached 78°—there was a sudden luff, and I rushed out. Ahead of us lay the edge of the ice, long and compact, shining through the fog." Shortly afterwards they were frozen in, and for a week drifted North-west—the right direction. On September 29, 1893, it was found they were in 79° 5' N. Lat., which, all things considered, was very good progress.

#### TRIALS.

But their faith in the existence of a current which would bear them in the desired direction was soon severely tried. They were released from the ice occasionally, only to be fixed up firmer than ever, and drifted *south* faster than they had drifted *north*. For although the ice certainly had a tendency (whether from the existence of a current or from any other cause) to go to the North and West, the force of the wind was more powerful than the strength of this tendency, and it drove them South and East. At the beginning of January, 1894, they were no farther north than at the end of September, 1893. They lived it is said "all together in one little saloon, with everything in common. We are a little part of the fatherland, and daily draw closer and closer together." "Isn't it just as I say," burst out Amundsen the Chief Engineer, "that we are the luckiest men on earth that can live up here where we have no cares, get everything given us without needing to trouble about it, and are well off in every possible way?" The First Lieutenant "agreed that it certainly was a life without care," and the Steward said much about the same a little while ago; what seems to please him most is that there are no summonses here, no creditors, no bills. And I? . . . I am lying on the sofa, reading about Kane's misfortunes, drinking beer, smoking cigarettes—truth obliges me to confess that I have become addicted to the vice I condemn so strongly."

But a little later we find this:

"Is it the restlessness of spring that is beginning to come over one, the desire for action, for something different from this indolent, enervating life? . . . Perhaps my brain is overtired; day and night my thoughts have turned on the one point, the possibility of reaching the Pole and getting home. Perhaps it is rest I need, to sleep, sleep! . . . I am worn out, and yet I do not feel any special tiredness. It is perhaps because I sat up reading last night? . . . I have no inclination to read, nor to draw, nor to do anything else whatever."

After another month, this is how the leader feels:

"Taking everything into calculation, if I am to be perfectly honest, I think this is a wretched state of matters. We are now in about 80° N. Lat., in September we were in 79°; that is, let us say, one degree for five months. If we go on at this rate we shall be at the Pole in forty-five, or say fifty, months, and in ninety or one hundred months at 80° N. Lat. on the other side of it, with probably some prospect of getting out of the ice and home in a month or two more. At best, if things go on as they are doing now, we shall be home in eight years. I remember B— writing before I left, when I was planting small bushes and trees in the garden for future generations, that no one knew what length of shadow those trees would cast by the time I came back."

Three weeks later he says, "I cannot conceal from myself any longer that I am beginning to despond. Quietly and slowly, but mercilessly, one hope after the other is being crushed . . . I long unutterably after home, perhaps I am drifting farther from it"; and nearly five months later still he says, "Sometimes I seem almost to be longing for a defeat—a decisive one—so that we might have a chance of showing what is in us, and putting an end to this irksome inactivity."

#### THE DASH FOR THE NORTH.

All such thoughts were kept to himself, but even while they were occurring he was already contemplating and planning his astounding Dash for the North. During the whole of 1894 the *Fram* was enclosed by the ice, and the drift upon the whole was in the right direction (though retrograde movements occurred from time to time); yet it was pretty clear by the middle of the year that, if the drift continued in the same direction, the *Fram* would not get within many miles of the North Pole. The ship behaved nobly, "and proved even stronger than their faith in her."

"While time was passing on," says Nansen, "the plan I had been revolving in my mind during the winter was ever uppermost in my thoughts—the plan, that is to say, of exploring the unknown sea apart from the track in which the *Fram* was drifting. I kept an anxious eye upon the dogs, for fear anything should happen to them, and also to see that they continued in good condition, for all my hopes centred in them." So early as May, 1894, he scarcely thought they would drift higher than 85°, "even if we do that. . . . In that case it will be hard to give up reaching the Pole; it is in reality a mere matter of vanity, merely child's



play, in comparison with what we are doing and hoping to do; and yet I must confess that I am foolish enough to want to take in the Pole while I am about it." In August he commenced to build a kayak, but still said nothing "except a few words to Sverdrup; it was impossible to tell how far north the drift would take us, and so many things might happen before spring." A month later he begins to get eager. "My heart beats with joy at the very thought of it. . . . If she could just reach 84° or 85°, then I should be off in the end of February or the first days of March, as soon as the daylight comes, after the long winter night, and the whole would go like a dance. Only four or five months, and the time for action will have come again. What joy! When I look out over the ice now, it is as if my muscles quivered with longing to be striding off over it in real earnest—fatigue and privation will then be a delight." In October, he says, "if we can just get so far on with the *Fram* that the distance left to be covered is at all a reasonable one, I believe that it is my duty to make the venture, and I cannot imagine any difficulty that will not be overcome when our choice lies between death—and onward and home!" and by November he had convinced himself that "if it be right to set out at 85° it must be no less right to set out at 82° or 83°," and discussed the matter all round with his captain. Before the end of the month it was decided that Johansen should be his companion—"he is an accomplished snow-shoer, and few can equal his powers of endurance—a fine fellow, physically and mentally." He was told that it was a serious matter—a matter of

life or death—that he must not conceal from himself, and must think the thing well over. "He did not need any time for reflection, he said, he was quite willing to go." On March 14, 1895, they started, knowing

"only too well that a life of toil lay before us, and that it would be many a long day before we should again sleep and eat under a comfortable roof; but that that time was going to be so long as it really proved to be, none of us then had any idea. We all thought that either the expedition would succeed, and that we should return home that same year, or—that it would not succeed."

Four hundred and sixty days passed before they saw fellow-men again.

For the details of this unique expedition turn to "Farthest North." It is a book to buy, to read, and to keep; and those who peruse it will rise disillusioned if they sit down entertaining the opinion that much of the success was due to chance. Without denying that Fortune *has* sometimes smiled on Nansen, especially towards the termination of his voyage (which he himself says "reads like a fairy-tale"), no one will master his book without feeling that his success is the reward of merit, and should rejoice accordingly.

The honours which doubtless will be showered upon him will not add to his fame. It is right that they should be bestowed, but he has no need of them. For, whilst alive, he has taken his place amongst the Immortals, who are superior to distinctions, degrees, and honours. He gained three degrees in the Arctic Regions, but he lost a degree in doing so,—he went out Dr. Nansen, and came back Nansen, and will be Nansen for evermore!

EDWARD WHYMPER.

## Spring-Time.



**T**HERE'S a touch of the winter yet  
 When the damp, dusk evenings fall:  
 A hint of the grip that may come once  
 more  
 To check the blackbird's call,  
 As he whistles along the hedgerows  
 bare  
 To his mate on the orchard wall.  
 But it's hey for the song of the spring,  
 And it's ho for the bursting flowers,  
 When the soft South-west of her best doth bring,  
 In the days of the falling showers.  
 There's a scent of the darkening earth,  
 A change in the swelling mould:  
 For the thought of spring is at work beneath,  
 Calling the grains to their labour old,  
 Yet new again with the budding year,  
 That loosens the frost's grim hold.

The pasture has won to a brighter hue  
 At the spring-tide's magic will,  
 The celandine faces the daisy-buds  
 On the slopes of yonder hill—  
 Where are moss-loving violets, white or blue,  
 And the aconite's dainty frill.

The primrose is lifting its dainty face  
 To the eyes of the hastening bee,  
 The bluebell is swinging its flaunting peal  
 For all who care to see;  
 And the spring-tide works its joy on earth,  
 Working for you and me.  
 So it's hey for the song of the spring,  
 And it's ho for the bursting flowers,  
 When the soft South-west of her best doth  
 bring,  
 In the days of the falling showers.

C. S. COLMAN.



## BETWEEN TWO OPINIONS.

BY MARY E. PALGRAVE.



A SUNNY AFTERNOON ON BREYDON WATER.

### CHAPTER III.—BROTHER AND SISTER.

IT will be seen that matters had made a large advance since the evening when young Elliston and Miss Mordaunt had first come across each other on Gorleston pier. Then they were entire strangers, ignorant even of each other's names; now they are an engaged couple, and as thoroughly acquainted with each other's views, tastes, and opinions as it may be supposed that engaged couples usually are, after a period of two months. That statement, however, needs some qualifying. Elliston was as completely in possession of his little *fiancée's* thoughts and aims as the most exacting lover need wish to be. He knew all her simple history; there was not a fold of her innocent mind and character undiscovered to him. During long sunny afternoons of fishing on Breydon Water, and evening walks up and down the pier, he had come to know her through and through, and to love her with a tenderness that had a dash of awe in it.

On his side, too, much had been told. Alethea was quite as much delighted to listen as she was to chatter; and, under the encouragement of her happy eyes, he had told her many things about his Eton and Oxford days and about the days longer ago when he and Constance had played and quarrelled and fought together in the Chester Square nursery and garden. He had imparted his ideas to her, too, about art and music and poetry—for he was a young man of ideas, had read a good deal, and had a fairly cultivated taste—and had shown

her a manuscript book of poems which had never yet been beheld by mortal eyes other than his own. That he possessed tastes and habits about which he did not care to talk to her, and that there was a side to his life which he kept in the background, away from the gaze of those sweet eyes, were things of which the young girl had no conception. She fancied his soul as open to her as was hers to him; and whatever loose and tangled threads there might be in the web of rambling narratives, which took their turn with happy silences to fill the spaces of those golden afternoons, were either unperceived by her inexperience, or were unconsciously caught up by her loving confidence and woven into a perfect whole. In her eyes he was entirely charming, and as good as he was delightful!

It will be seen, therefore, that matters between the two young people were on a very different footing in November from what they had been in September; but the later stage was so natural and obvious a development of the earlier one, and had grown out of it so simply and so exactly as it has done and will do in hundreds of other cases, that it is not worth lingering to tell it in detail. Given a young bachelor who can do as he pleases, and a maiden, hitherto fancy free; given circumstances favourable for his making a good first impression, and a friendly mother as *Dea ex machinâ*, who is most happy to give him the chance of following it up; and the "answer" to this problem will infallibly be—an engaged couple.

Frank Elliston had lingered on at Gorleston until the "day or two" of his original intention—which had merely been to fill a gap between two shooting invitations—had crept into a month. Just as his home people were becoming actively puzzled and inquisitive as to what *could* be keeping him at Gorleston, and as Constance was meditating a descent upon the place, under pretext of wanting a week's sea air, there had come the news of his engagement to "the sweetest girl in the world, whose name is as charming as herself—Alethea Mordaunt."

Great had been the consternation in Chester Square. It was hardly to be expected that Frank's relatives should be pleased at the engagement, for his late father had been a distinguished Indian civil servant and a man of good family to boot, and his mother was an earl's granddaughter; while Frank himself had inherited a fair estate from an uncle and was to be the recipient of a substantial sum in cash at another uncle's death. He was therefore a young man who could afford to pick and choose, and was expected to marry "well." His mother had often discussed the kind of girl she would like her dear boy to select, and evidently thought that he could hardly aspire too high. Constance, when the subject came up in conversation, was wont to say something vague and non-committal, while she pinched her fingers together and silently hoped that he would never marry at all. His sister knew more about his ways than did anyone else outside the circle of his personal friends; and she felt that any girl who was good and clever enough for Frank would inevitably disapprove of some of his habits; while to see him marry a fast, vulgar-minded creature who "would swallow anything," was not to be thought of. So Constance hugged to her bosom the hope that her brother—who fell slightly in love every season, and had, so far, always fallen out again during the ensuing months of distance and deprivation—would end by having herself as his life's companion—his old sister who loved him with a fierce tenacity that few guessed at, and passed by his faults and follies with a tolerance that she would have scorned to show towards any other human being. She was convinced that she could make him happier than anyone else could do; and she yearned, with a hungry yearning, to be the only maker of his life's content—to be the one to whom, in the long run, he would always turn for comfort and companionship, and whom he should never, under the hardest circumstances, find wanting.

So when the news reached Chester Square that Frank had engaged himself to a girl with no pretensions of any kind—to a "nobody" whom, as she would have said, it was impossible to "explain" to people, Lady Elliston wept and lamented herself, was very poorly, and quite enjoyed the sympathy of the few old friends who were back in town at the end of September, and were thus available to come and condole—over cups of tea—about the trying news. Constance said nothing, and footed the way to

her various committees more diligently than ever. If her eye had a dangerous glitter in it when other people were unpunctual or behind-hand in their work or showed a disposition to be trivial in their remarks, that was the only sign of her secret perturbation possible to detect. If she raged and fretted inwardly; if she carried a leaden heart in her breast; if she even sometimes cried, at night, when she was quite alone in the dark, over the thought that she had lost her Frank—he would need her and turn to her no longer, and all her life's happiness had vanished—no one guessed at the bitterness of her disappointment, or divined how lonely and disconsolate she was.

It was partly, we must suppose, because there was no one to do it—no father or elder brother ready to give good advice and utter counsels of prudence—and partly because Frank, from his youth up, had invariably got his own way, that no one tried to interfere with the engagement or suggest its being broken off. Lady Elliston, it was true, wrote her son feeble protests, covering pages and pages of lilac note-paper in a pointed, scrawling hand; but nobody was given to taking her opinions seriously, least of all her own children; and by degrees the objections died away and little sprouts of kindness began to show themselves in her letters, like green leaves in the spring-time. Frank smiled, and wrote in answer with tactful pleasantness, and the sprouts grew bigger and more decided, like the trees' response to April showers.

Constance, for her part, wrote nothing at all, but her silence spoke more eloquently than many words; and though she at length—when matters were too far advanced for any hope that the engagement would come to nothing—sent a note to Alethea, Frank knew acutely how his sister felt about the matter, and his instinct told him that he should have to reckon with her whenever they came face to face.

Her mother, too, knew that "Connie didn't like it," although, as it was the sister's way to stand up for her brother on all occasions and maintain that everything he did and said was right, she stood up for this thing too, when driven right into a corner and compelled to express herself about it. But Lady Elliston knew, by the hard ring in her daughter's voice, that she disliked the engagement, and made various little nervous attempts to propitiate Constance on behalf of Frank's choice. Her instinct failed to show her that she had very much better have left the subject alone.

Frank Elliston had a general intention of, at some time or other (when he should marry, most likely), settling down on his estate and leading the life of a country gentleman; but for the present the place was let—which was much less trouble—and he lived at home, had chambers in the Temple, and pursued the calling of a barrister with very few briefs. He had just begun his autumn holiday when he met his fate at Gorleston, and before October brought the opening of the Courts and called

him back to town again, everything was arranged; the engagement was an accepted matter in both families, and had even made its way into the "Morning Post." The mothers had exchanged notes, containing vague proffers of friendliness, which somehow had an unreal ring about them; and Alethea's father had written from India—an honest, manly, simple letter, which made Lady Elliston cry and which even Constance received without criticism.

The next move in the game had, in its turn, been made—that of inviting the little *fiancée* to visit her future relatives; and Frank had just taken a few days' leave from his chambers and gone down to Gorleston to fetch her up. It had so happened that his mother and sister had started on their annual round of visits among Lady Elliston's relations before Frank's holiday had ended, and they had only returned home since his recent departure to Suffolk to fetch Alethea. It thus fell out that this was not only the first introduction of his future wife, but also the first meeting between himself and his home circle, since his engagement had taken place; and the fact that it was so made even that self-assured young man uncomfortable and nervous.

"How absurd! As if I *could* be afraid of old Con," he said to himself; but for all that he *was* afraid of her and nervous over the first impressions that Alethea should make. He kept trying to catch his sister's eye, with propitiatory glances; and dashed in, with an explanation or remark, whenever she spoke to Alethea, in a way that half diverted and half angered her.

The evening passed off as pleasantly as might be under these adverse currents of feeling. Alethea appeared at dinner-time in a shabby blue frock which did not set off her prettiness, and with white cheeks and a rather forlorn air. In the dining-room she could neither eat nor talk. After the meal was over, Constance disappeared, to interview a "case," in a private sanctum of her own, and left her mother and their guest to repair to the drawing-room by themselves—a combination of circumstances which turned out extremely well. When Frank followed them upstairs, after a cigar of the shortest, he found the air full of a warm and cosy peace, and Alethea and his mother side by side on the sofa, looking happy and well satisfied with each other's company.

He was so much delighted with the aspect of things that he stole out of the room again unperceived, lest he should disturb the process of making friends, and settled himself downstairs for another cigar, over which he fell asleep. But when, half an hour later, he returned to the drawing-room, he was disappointed to find that the conditions had changed. Alethea was no longer on the sofa, with her hand in Lady Elliston's, but sitting straight and stiff on the other side of the hearthrug, with a nervous, constrained look on her face. Constance was placed a little way from her, with some scarlet knitting in her hands, evidently trying to make conversation for her guest, and not finding the

task an easy one. Lady Elliston had opened her perpetual novel, and was nodding over its pages.

A change seemed to have come over the atmosphere of the room, and the temperature to have fallen by several degrees. Frank exclaimed on the coldness of the night, and poked the fire with vehemence; but perhaps it was more a mental change than a physical one which had taken place. The subtle chill of antagonism had stolen in once more, and was weighing, unconsciously, upon all present. Frank sat himself down and did his best to talk—asking questions about Constance's visits, and giving information about the scenery and antiquities of north-east Suffolk; but on all sides there was a consciousness of effort, and nobody was sorry when bed-time came.

When the ladies had disappeared, Frank still lingered in the drawing-room, with the ostensible purpose of looking for a book to read. The butler came and carried off the lamp; but still he lingered and even made up the fire again. At last the rustle of a dress made itself heard on the stairs, the door opened, and his sister's voice exclaimed, "Are you here still, Frank? I have not heard you go downstairs."

"Yes, I'm here. I thought I should catch you if I stayed; for I saw you casting longing eyes at that treadmill of yours, and felt sure you would be coming back to finish some job or other."

"Oh, well—I wasn't coming after anything in particular," answered Constance, with a short laugh. She was not going to confess that what had brought her downstairs again was the longing to see Frank—to see him and have him to herself for a few minutes. Though, after all, as she privately told herself, it was but a poor sort of pleasure *now*.

"Well then, come and sit you down, old girl, and have a crack. Do you realise that we haven't met since the end of July? I'll have a cigar here—the mater will never find out!" Frank pushed up a chair for his sister close to the glowing hearth, and tried to speak in the tone of old days, which only brought the consciousness of the change more vividly before Constance's mind. She would not sit down, but remained standing by the fire, fingering the ornaments on the mantelpiece with a touch less firm than usual. The ruddy glow threw dull lights across her black satin dress and gleamed on her white arms; but she kept her face turned away, lest the firelight should reveal that her lips were trembling.

Her brother eyed her askance between the puffs of his cigar, wishing she would turn her face and discover in what sort of mood she was. He hoped she had come back to make friends; but somehow she was slow in beginning; and the turn of her neck and shoulders, in her admirably fitting dress, looked rigid and unpromising. Had she come to "make it hot" for him?—to tell him what a stupid choice he had made?—and, in point of fact, how much she disliked his marrying at all? Well, if so,



he should have to make her understand that he was too old to be dictated to, and that he expected his people to be civil to the girl whom he chose to marry, etc. etc. ! But, of all people in the world, he most hated being on bad terms with his sister, whose company suited him exactly and on whom he depended, for his comfort and well-being, more than on anybody else. He wished she would speak and show him how the wind lay !

thinking of it. And there's Ashenden to be considered. I often think I ought soon to be taking up my abode there ; and a place like that wants a lady at the head of it, you must agree."

A twinge of pain shot through Constance. London-bred though she was, she passionately loved the country and its ways and doings ; and the thought of living some day as mistress of that rambling old manorhouse among the Yorkshire moors had been one of her pleasant-



HE TRIED HARD TO MAKE HER LOOK AT HIM.

The moment came, at last, when any speech was less intolerable than silence. Frank took his cigar out of his mouth and said abruptly, with a nervous laugh, "I—I suppose you were prepared for my doing this some time or other, Connie ?"

"For your doing what ?"

"Why, getting myself engaged to be married. It wasn't exactly a surprise, was it ? You see, if I'm to do it at all, it's about time I was

est dreams. She made no reply. There was such a choking in her throat that, for the minute, speech was impossible.

"It wasn't as if I could have had *you* at Ashenden," went on Frank, seizing, in nervous haste, upon any plea which looked like a justification of his step. "I know, of course, that there's the matter to be thought of ; and Ashenden isn't a bit the sort of place for an old lady to live in, it's so bleak and so desperately



lonely. And besides, mother is so wedded to London—I don't think she'd survive transplantation anywhere else. And of course you can't leave her to come and live with me—although I am sure no one could manage a big house like that better than *you*, Con. And, you see, everybody expects a fellow to marry, if he's got rather more of the wherewithal than most of the men about. A place like Ashenden can't be let to pass out of the family. And then, too—"

"Oh, Frank," broke in his sister, with a laugh more impatient than joyful, "what *is* the use of talking about it? Do pray leave off racking your brains to find excuses for doing what everybody has been expecting you to do ever since you came into Ashenden! Why, it was the most obvious thing in the world that you should marry; and I'm tired to death of having people ask me when you were going to do so. It's quite a relief to know there'll be no more of that!"

"Well, but I'm afraid, if you are not surprised, at any rate you are—*sorry* about it," went on Frank tentatively. He felt that he was getting on delicate ground. "You and I have always been such chums, and we have done so many things together and had such roaring times—climbing mountains, and making riding tours, and all the rest of it. And—and I'm afraid it will be dull work for you when I'm out of the way? But you must not think my doing this means that your company has ever grown stale to me, or ever will; or that I shan't want you just as much as ever. Alethea is only a child—and young at that! There are thousands of things she doesn't understand or know about and which there's no reason she should. She has got no elder brothers, you know; and she has never lived in London; and of course she doesn't know what a London man's ways are like—whereas *you*, old fellow—"

"There now, Frank, that's enough," broke in his sister again, cutting across the stream of his hurried talk with her brief, trenchant utterances. "I never was one to cry over spilt milk, and I trust I am not going to begin now. We both of us, I hope, understand how the matter lies, and neither need nor expect any sentimental disguises. We have had good times together, it is true; but nobody in their senses expects good times to go on for ever. Perhaps I thought—I fancied they *might* have gone on—" There was a shade of faltering in Constance's voice, and the lid of an Oriental vase quivered in her hands and played a warning note on the edge of its corresponding pot. She broke off, as if absorbed in the task of adjusting it as exactly as possible; and when it was in its place, went on in a lighter tone—"You've done what you—*liked*, old boy, as you generally do, and as I always expected you would do, in the matter of marrying, when it came to the point; and I am sure I am very glad of it. I believe in people's doing as they like; it takes a great deal of responsibility off

others, and saves the making of sacrifices that are apt to be—not a shining success! As for your wanting much from me in time to come, I'm rather sceptical about it; but whatever I have got to give is very much at your service, now and always, old fellow, as I am sure you know."

Frank was silent a minute. He had wanted to be affectionate and sympathetic with his sister—whom he sincerely pitied for the prospective loss of his presence and companionship—and it was rather baffling to be met, in response, by this somewhat cynical joking. However, it generally proved least trouble all round to take things lightly; and if Connie chose to maintain that she was neither surprised nor sorry at these coming changes, well—so much the easier for him. He, at any rate, had shown himself to be in a proper, brotherly frame of mind; and if the understanding between them were rather a hollow one, it could not be helped. No doubt time would mend it. What really mattered most, just now, was to try and win Constance over, not to the fact of his marrying in general, but to the girl of his choice in particular—to the timid, inexperienced, impressionable child whom his action had thrown into such close relationship with her. It was amusing work—if it had not been so anxious—to think of Alethea Mordaunt and Constance Elliston side by side—the one so mature, so decided, so "up to date," so capable and well trained in all her faculties, so experienced in London life and human nature on their seamy side, through the arduous and difficult work she was ever diligently pursuing. Alethea, beside her, seemed even more child-like and irresponsible than she really was; she was so transparent and impulsive, so ignorant of the ways of the world, so unready at reply, save by soft beseeching looks, so ill supplied with the small coin of conversation, so full of small fancies and prejudices—nay, even small self-assertions—such as the levelling intercourse of town life suppresses or hides under a layer of society varnish. What sort of effect would two people so totally unlike have upon each other? How would they fit in harmoniously side by side, even for a few weeks? A remembrance of the old fable of the brazen pot and the earthen one bumping each other in mid-stream, and of the disastrous consequences to one of them, flitted uncomfortably through Frank's brain while he cast about for the best means of bringing the new topic upon the tapis.

"Well, Con," he said, after a pause, "I'm only too thankful you don't bear me a grudge for getting engaged at all—for, do you know, old girl, I was half afraid you mightn't like it, though you always have been such a jolly old sister to me? That *is* a weight off my mind! And I flatter myself you can't have much fault to find with the girl I have chosen. Isn't she a little darling? Aren't her eyes as lovely as I said, or lovelier? And isn't she deliciously fresh and innocent in her ways?"

Constance stamped her foot privately under

the shelter of her skirts. It was hard enough to have the acquiescence which had cost her such an effort so lightly accepted; but to be asked to sing the praises of this child who had stolen her brother away from her was more than could be expected of flesh and blood.

"Oh, I daresay she will be passably nice-looking when she has got over her journey—and her eyes are an uncommon colour, certainly," was the most that she could bring herself to say. "And she is *young* enough, in all conscience," she added, after a minute. "Has she *ever* been away from home before, Frank? She seems to me the most elementary young person I ever came across. I must say I should have thought your taste would prefer some one a little more—*finished*, don't you know?"

Frank jumped up and threw the end of his cigar into the fire with a movement of impatience. "I admit she's not one of your brazen-faced London girls, who can make pert speeches before they can walk and have had all sorts of experiences before they are twenty," he rejoined, in a tone of suppressed irritation. "But she's not at all *bornée*, if that's what you mean—and I never knew anyone with quicker or truer perceptions, or more innate good taste. And she has read a good deal, in an old-fashioned sort of way, and can play prettily and has a very sweet voice. I intend her to have some singing lessons, by the way, and thought you would put me up to the best person to get for a beginner. Of course, I grant you she's shy, and hasn't, as yet, been out much; but she's not a bit awkward or stupid in her ways, and has a nice little manner of her own. And if you only knew how innocent and good she is—I declare it often makes a fellow like me feel queer all over to hear her talk!"

"Oh, granted she has every virtue under the sun," cried Constance, whose self-control was nearing its limits; "still, you must allow that she needs a good deal of developing and what boys would call 'licking into shape,' before you can expect people in general to recognise her as a—well, let us say a grown-up young lady. Why, I suppose she has never been to a ball in her life; and she doesn't seem to have the most elementary ideas about conversation. She wants any amount done for her to make her a companion fit for you, year in, year out—you *know* she does, Frank! Why, she is eleven years younger than you, to begin with, and twenty at least in mind and experience and *savoir faire*. And who's going to take her in hand and develop her? Are *you*? It will be a very new rôle to see you in, and one which I should hardly expect you to carry through!"

Frank was hot and angry too; but, easy-going though he was, he could master himself when there was a point in view that he cared to gain. "Why, Connie, you are so sharp, as a rule, at seeing things," he said, in a friendly tone. "Don't you perceive it is just her youthfulness and innocence—her *greenness*, if you will—which are the attraction for a fellow like me? Why, I believe I worship the ground she

treads on; and I feel as if—if she only keeps as white a soul as she has now—I shall have to turn over a new leaf myself, before the end of the chapter, so as to feel less small beside her! But I quite acknowledge she wants bringing out, and showing the ways of the world, and all that sort of thing, and I look to you and mother—most of all to *you*, old Con—to do that part of the business. Who can do it so well as you, if you will only care enough for it to take it thoroughly in hand! We know what the mater is like—she'd coo and purr over Alethea, and give her new frocks and take her to tea-parties, if she were as ugly as sin and no more to her than the man in the moon—but it's *you* that really matter. You rule the roost in this house, and if you set your face against that poor child and give her the cold shoulder—why, I shall wish to goodness I had never brought her here at all!" Frank spoke with real feeling, and his lip was quivering under his moustache. He and his sister were facing one another, now, on the hearthrug; she standing very rigid and upright, with her arms crossed before her; he with one hand clutching nervously at his coat-collar and the other stretched out in Constance's direction. He tried hard to make her look at him; but she kept her eyes sullenly averted, lest she should see his pleading glance, though the tension of her attitude was beginning to relax and she was feeling the tears perilously near at hand.

Frank began again. "You've been doing me good turns, sis, and getting me out of scrapes, all my days, like the trump of a sister that you are!—and I can't remember a single thing I ever asked you to do for me that you haven't done. Well—I never asked for anything that I cared a hundredth part as much about as I do about this that I am asking you now—that you should be kind to my little girl and love her for my sake. Now will you?"

Constance felt she must either laugh or cry, and—as was generally the case—she chose the former. "You ridiculous fellow," she exclaimed, "what evil designs do you suspect me of, that you plead for your infant lady-love so piteously? Do you think I mean to treat her like Cinderella, or beat her black and blue? Make your mind easy—I'll be as good to her as it's in my nature to be, and give her the benefit of as much of my social wisdom as she is able to absorb. I suppose you guarantee her being willing to take me as Mentor?" She turned as she spoke and made for the door. Despite her laughing tone, it was a very white face that went past Frank in the firelight.

"Oh, thank you, Con, that *is* good of you," said he, following nervously in the wake of her satin skirts. He was puzzled and a little affronted by her bantering tone, but was anxious to take it at the most it was worth. "You need not be afraid, Alethea will be only too grateful for hints; she is delightfully docile and teachable, and will be thankful to get under your wing. It is indeed good of you to take her in hand."

"All right, then that's agreed. I'll spread my raven pinions over your dove!" answered Constance lightly, as her brother opened the door for her. And then she turned suddenly and threw her arms round his neck with a convulsive clutch. "Oh, Frank, I could have made you so happy!" she cried, with a strangled sob; then vanished upstairs in a rustling whirlwind; leaving him startled into a passing consciousness of how great was the self-sacrifice he had asked.

## CHAPTER IV.—A COMMON-SENSE VIEW.

"WELL, there's one thing to be said for her—she's no trouble to amuse!" thought Constance to herself, as she paused a moment, in the task of drawing up a report for one of her committees, to rest her hand and survey her work as a whole. Her eyes had wandered to where Alethea was sitting by the fire, in a luxurious attitude, with her head on her hand, and her eyes fixed on the pages of a book in her lap.

The two were located in a tiny room at the back of the house, known as "Constance's office." It was a most business-like little place, with its ample writing-table, shelves loaded with books, and pigeon-holes full of papers, and bore the stamp of its owner's methodical habits and capacity for work in the neatness of its arrange-



SHE LOOKED THE EMBODIMENT OF CAPABLE INDUSTRY.

ments. Constance herself, in the trimmest of dresses, and with the smoothest of fashionably dressed heads, matched her surroundings. She looked the embodiment of capable industry, as she sat, upright and square, before her desk.

The only thing in the room suggesting ease and the pleasures of life was the big luxurious chair by the fire. Constance had bought it and installed it there as a standing invitation to her brother, who often used to occupy it, in the morning, till it was time to go to the Temple. It had cost its owner some pangs to see Alethea take possession of it, as she had done with a keen sense of enjoyment, upon being invited by Con-

stance—as a great favour—to share her room when she was not wanted by Lady Elliston.

Very pretty the girl looked as she sat there, with the light from the one tall window falling on her head and lighting up its wavy bright-brown locks of hair, with the golden shine in their high lights. Her pretty profile was sharply defined against a dark-blue screen by the fire, which set off the rose-tints of her complexion and enhanced the warm colours of her hair. Alethea was like an antelope in her movements, with a simple, untaught grace that made all her attitudes charming; and Constance's cultivated eye could not help resting with enjoyment on the graceful pose of the slim young figure filling the big chair.

On the rug beside Alethea, heaped in a basket, was a large piece of fancy work from a Regent Street shop, with a mass of rainbow-tinted silks for the working of the same. Lady Elliston had set her up with it, and taught her the stitch, to the girl's huge delight; and she laboured away with zeal, during long hours of sitting in the drawing-room, and keeping her future mother-in-law company. At the present moment, however, the charms of Edna Lyall were contending with the charms of embroidery, and Alethea had let her work slide down to the floor while she absorbed herself in the fortunes of Erica Raeburn and Brian Osmond.

Alethea had now been a fortnight in Chester Square, and by this time was enjoying her life there more than she would at first have believed it ever possible to do. The first few days of her visit had been for the most part a walking nightmare to her—the only break in their discomfort being the short times which she spent alone with her *fiancé*, when she could nestle up to him and pour out all her woes. Everything was so horridly new and so different to what she had been accustomed to; and Alethea was by no means one of the bold spirits who enjoy change for its own sake and welcome new things because they are new. The mental atmosphere in which she found herself was not more different from the homely simple ways of home than were the foggy air and clouded skies from the brisk, clear, wind-swept atmosphere of the eastern counties. The girl felt bewildered and oppressed—afraid to speak lest she should be saying the wrong thing—afraid to be herself because what was natural to her seemed so very unnatural to these polished punctilious people.

By degrees, however, this state of misery had worn off. In their daily evening *tête-à-tête* Frank was very tender and soothing, and the sense that in his eyes she was all that heart could wish was a constant standby; with one so kind and so easily pleased as Lady Elliston, nobody could long be nervous and constrained; and as for Constance—she followed what was undoubtedly the kindest plan under the circumstances and let her charge alone till such time as she should have grown accustomed to her new surroundings. In fact, Alethea had found her future sister-in-law much more good-



natured and less formidable than she had been led to expect. So, little by little, the child had expanded, had learnt to move and speak freely, and had even developed a shy youthful charm of her own, and a brightness of gesture and manner which enchanted Lady Elliston and set off her slender, girlish prettiness to the utmost.

Alethea presently found out that she was enjoying herself to the top of her bent, and having a delightful time of it. As Constance said, it took very little to amuse her. A drive in the Park, with Lady Elliston, in the brougham, was an exciting treat, and a round of shopping and calls equally delightful. The stock sights of London were all new and wonderful to her unsophisticated senses. Although Frank was supposed to be at work again, the hours of a briefless barrister are generally elastic, and there was leisure for delightful walks, and expeditions to picture-galleries and museums.

Then, too, there was the comfort and pleasantness of the luxurious house, which quickly cast their spell over Alethea—used to "plain living," if not, exactly, to "high thinking," at home. The late hours in a morning, the bedroom fires, all the various appliances for making life slip along easily on well-oiled wheels, were pleasant to her and gave an undefined but very sensible feeling of well-being. Above all, Alethea was blissfully happy and completely at rest in the region of her affections. Frank was all that heart could wish—kind, loving, and attentive. She was sad every morning when the time came for him to depart, and her heart grew happier every hour as the time approached that should bring him home again. The flowers he brought her, and the new books, and other small attentions, gave her the most unfeigned delight, and she was as happy as a child in the midst of her new possessions.

Those shortening days, with their dun skies and the feeble flickers of sunset behind the leafless trees of the square, were days of unclouded happiness to little Alethea. Lady Elliston grew more and more delighted with her, and told Frank, with tears in her eyes, that she already loved her like a daughter. Constance either was, or appeared to be, even more than usually busy with her charitable work, and took very little apparent heed of the new inmate of her home. She talked pleasantly to Alethea when they happened to be together, and sent her maid to do her hair for her in the newest style, but otherwise left her very much to herself. For all her apparent recollection of it, the promise given to her brother, to take his future wife in hand and show her the way she should go, might never have been uttered.

Constance Elliston, however, was a person who never forgot her promises, or forewent her intentions. Perhaps an incident in that morning's talk at breakfast—when Alethea had been unwise enough to contradict her on some

point upon which Constance knew herself to be an authority—had made her realise that the new comer was now thoroughly at ease, and might be taken in hand without fear of being frightened away; or there was some other



THERE WAS LEISURE FOR DELIGHTFUL EXPEDITIONS TO PICTURE-GALLERIES AND MUSEUMS.

reason patent to her busy brain. At any rate, when the report was finished, corrected, and consigned to its envelope, instead of turning to other work, Constance rose, gave a mighty yawn, and exclaimed, "There, that job's done, and I'm coming over to warm myself."

She installed herself in a chair on the other side of the fire, put her feet on the fender and stretched out her square, capable-looking hands towards the blaze. She was not looking at her companion, nor had directly spoken to her, but instinct told Alethea that a talk was intended. With a private sigh—for the fortunes of Erica and her father were at a critical moment, and all matters of daily life faded into unreality beside them—she shut the book and raised her eyes, with a sort of wistful inquiry in them, to Constance's face.

For some instants her companion did not speak or look round, and Alethea had leisure to take a fresh survey of her face. She had never studied drawing from the "human face divine," and did not recognise what the precise lines were by which that before her conveyed its impression of firmness and force—but for all that she felt anew what a resolute, forceful countenance it was, and her spirit quailed before it. When its owner opened her mouth, however, it was merely to ask some innocent question about the book she had in her hands. Alethea took heart of grace and began to



enlarge upon the merits of the story, and say how greatly she admired the principal characters. The hero, it appeared, was a special admiration of hers, and her face lighted up and she forgot to be afraid of her auditor while she described his charms and excellences.

"I haven't read the thing," remarked Constance, "or if I ever did, it was in the days of long ago, and I've forgotten every word of it—but evidently the hero is one of those impossible bundles of perfection, who never existed outside the pages of novels. Certain classes of story-books *do* provoke one so on that account—the good people in them are so incredibly good and the wicked people so inconceivably wicked. They are as impossibly black as the others are white! *Why* can't authors make their men like real flesh and blood—that is to say, neither black nor white, but a sort of shepherd's plaid, of both mixed? When I write my novel, my hero shall be a very mixed character, in fact, with more black in him than white, on the whole."

"But *then*, you see, the heroine couldn't love him, not if she was a really nice girl, that is," cried Alethea, with eager face. "It was because Brian Osmond was so good and so altogether to be trusted that Erica cared for him."

"Come, don't you believe Erica would have loved him just as much if he had been a little *grey*, let us say? People don't fall in love with each other for their moral characters. There are plenty of other attractions needed."

"Ah, but she would never have *begun* to care for him if he hadn't been the kind of man he was," Alethea replied, with conviction. "That was the thing that first drew her to him, you see."

Constance laughed. "He was rather a remarkable young man if his goodness was the first thing visible about him, like a carriage-lamp on a dark night!" she said. "It is generally a thing that takes time to find out."

To that Alethea had no answer ready; she seemed to be thinking it over.

"Well," said Constance, going off on another tack, "let us suppose she thought him everything that was perfect when she began to fall in love with him, and then, after a bit, when they were thoroughly fond of each other, discovered that he was not so wonderful after all—in fact, that he was rather a black sheep. What do you think would happen then? Would she go on feeling the same towards him?"

"Oh *no*!" cried Alethea, looking at her wide-eyed. "How *could* she? Why, it wouldn't be possible to love him if she found he was a bad man!"

Constance's face took on a peculiar expression, which Alethea vaguely apprehended, but could not fathom. "Oh, well," she said, after a moment's pause, "I didn't mean an out-and-out villain, but—imperfect—with faults and infirmities like other men. Do you think she would leave off loving him then?"

"Oh yes, she couldn't help it. He would

have—disappointed her." There was a sudden drop in Alethea's voice, as if she were uttering something almost too sad for words.

That odd look deepened on Constance's face. Alethea dimly wondered if it were not a look of scorn. But before the thought had had time to shape itself in her mind her companion had jumped up and was searching for a book, among a set of evidently special favourites which dwelt on a little shelf apart. "You are not made of the same stuff as 'James Lee's Wife,' that's plain," she said, coming back with a volume of Browning in her hand. "Listen——" and she read the powerful lines in which the unhappy wife sums up her conclusions about her husband's character, that he is "just weak earth," she knows—

"With much in you waste, with many a weed,  
And plenty of passions run to seed,  
But a little good grain too";

when she tells of her disappointed expectations of the redeeming power of her love, and finally states her attitude when it has grown plain to her that she can never make a good man of James Lee—

"Well, and if none of these good things came,  
What did the failure prove?  
The man was my whole world, all the same,  
With his flowers to praise or his weeds to blame,  
And either or both to love."

Constance read well, with great force and expression. When she had finished the poem she glanced at her young companion, with a searching look in her keen dark eyes. Upon anyone less inexperienced than Alethea, and less absorbed, for the time being, in her own affairs, there might have dawned the notion that something less abstract than a question of story-book morality was in her companion's mind. Alethea, however, was merely puzzled, and a little distressed. She had never yet read a line of Browning; and it sounded to her ears—trained in the school of Scott and Mrs. Hemans—very queer poetry. Moreover, this woman who was speaking, James Lee's wife, had surely a very odd taste in husbands.

"I don't think I quite—understand," she said hesitatingly. "And I am sure she wasn't a nice woman, to love such a horrid man. I should have *hated* him."

Constance laughed. "Do you know what I think?" she said. "I should say that if a woman had ever grown to love a man—with *real* love, that is—she *couldn't* change, whatever sort of fellow he turned out to be. Why, the very essence of real loving is that it should be unchangeable, isn't it?—at least, that's what I understand every pair of lovers, since the world began, say to each other! Like the fat old stock-dove in the wood, you know, who

"Cooed—and cooed :  
And somewhat pensively he wooed ;  
He sang of love, with quiet blending,  
Slow to begin, and never ending."

Now isn't it so?"

Alethea looked into the fire and smiled serenely, while the tint of a monthly rose flooded her cheeks. It was all the answer she gave. Constance was touched and almost silenced, by the sort of innocent virginity of her face. "Why can't I let her dream on, poor little goose?" she asked herself. But then her mind swung back again to the purpose she had formed, and she pursued her way, though half unwillingly. "You mean to love Frank always, don't you, Alethea? You don't feel as if you would ever change towards him?"

The smile faded out of Alethea's eyes. She looked at her cross-questioner with a steady gravity that made the other feel uncomfortable and almost apologetic. Her question was an impertinent one; there was no denying it!

"Of course I do. I shall love him always. But then Frank is—good." Her simple little sentences came out crisp and clear. It was not till the last word that she faltered, and a wistful, questioning look flitted like a shadow across her clear eyes. The old worn-out quotation about the "little rift" came unbidden into Constance's mind, and her heart smote her.

"Isn't he good?" went on the girl, after a little pause. It was hard to say whether she were asking a question or asserting a fact—there were inflections of both in her voice. Constance chose to take it as a question, and answered, "Oh, he's a very good fellow—dear

old Frank. But he isn't *perfect*, you know; it's no use fancying that he is. He has got the kindest of hearts, and he will make you a very good husband; and I think if a woman gets *that*, she ought to be thankful. Only—only it's no good your crying for the moon, child, don't you see? and a perfect man is about as unattainable! I don't want you to—well, to make an idol of Frank, or think him a great deal better than he is. He's not a god at all, but a very—*human*—being—and—and I want you to understand that, and to love him, all the same, with your whole heart and soul. I believe you can do anything with him, in the long run, if you will only love him enough. And I think you are very lucky to get him, with all my heart I do!" There was a mixture of jest and earnest in Constance's tone which puzzled, as it often did, the simple-minded Alethea, and made her wonder how to take her. She gazed at her now, with perplexed, bewildered eyes, and with the colour mantling in her cheeks.

"I don't know what you mean—Frank *is* good," she said, at last—this time as an unmistakable assertion of fact "And—and—" she added, with a desperate effort to speak steadily, "I don't need *anybody* to tell me how to love him!" With which attempt at self-assertion, she jumped up and ran away to her own room. Constance thought she heard a sob as the door closed behind her.



## METHODS OF LITERARY WORK.

WHY, it has been asked, should we trouble ourselves about the mode in which a distinguished author has worked his way to fame? What matters it to the reader whether a poet composed at the desk or in bed, at night and in his study, like Schiller, or, like Wordsworth, in the fresh morning air; whether a great work was produced, like "Paradise Lost," with "darkness before and danger's voice behind," or, like some of Shakespeare's most splendid dramas, in the full sunshine of prosperity? Enough for us to appropriate and to enjoy the gifts bestowed by these gracious benefactors.

Now, I venture to think that this argument is fallacious. A really fine work of literature cannot fail to make us interested in the man who produced it. His book has, perhaps, converted us from apathy, and swept away the uninspiring monotony of our daily life. We see with purged eyes, and feel as if the wings of inspiration upon which the poet rose had carried us a little way with him on his flight. How, then, can we be indifferent to the bestower

of such a gift, and not wish to know all about him which the biographer can legitimately tell? How he did his work is but an incident in his life; but it is an important incident, and therefore, without more preamble, I shall bring together a few significant illustrations of a subject which, it is needless to say, might be indefinitely expanded without much likelihood of exhaustion. It matters not where we begin, and so I may take some authors of our own age, and work backwards.

It is interesting to have R. L. Stevenson's own confession, more than once repeated in the pathetic "Vailima Letters," that, unlike his great master, Scott, he worked slowly, and toiled over his sentences. This he found essential to success, and it would have been, therefore, supreme folly to have tried another method. Sir Walter wrote as fast as the pen could carry his ideas, but it does not follow, as Carlyle intimates, that this rapidity was a mark of shallowness, and not of a full mind. Scott had passed through a long period of preparation. He was forty years old before he wrote

a novel, and the activities and studies of his youth and early manhood prepared the way for his wonderful achievements as an imaginative writer. He had the great advantage, too, of being a man of affairs as well as of letters; and the way in which he blended authorship with official labours contributed to his intellectual vigour. Well would it have been for Carlyle had he been able to live, like Sir Walter, among his fellows as well as in his study. Well would it have been had he possessed Scott's healthy nature, instead of having his labours upset by a barrel organ, by the crowing of a cock, or the bark of a dog. Sir Walter, who had the great advantage of being in a large degree a country liver, was "the hardest worker and heartiest player in the kingdom." When at Ashiestiel, he rose punctually at five, seated himself at his desk at six, and by the time the family had assembled, had done enough to "break the neck of the day's work." As a general rule, he would be his "own man" and on horseback by one o'clock, while wet days were wholly spent in literary labour. Scott had his official duties as Sheriff of Selkirkshire and Clerk of Session, and when the Court was sitting in Edinburgh, he was present for some hours daily. This reminds me that a popular and more recent novelist, who had an important position in the Post Office, secured time for a prodigious amount of literary work by the same means. Anthony Trollope, as he once told me at Waltham, gave his man-servant a comfortable bribe, if bribe it can be termed, to call him daily at five o'clock. Trollope's method of workmanship was curiously business-like. He wrote the same number of lines on each page, and is said invariably to have finished a story on the appointed day. Even on sea-board and on long voyages, he was in the habit of fulfilling his allotted task. In Trollope's case, as in Scott's, official duties were so far from being an impediment to literary labour that they gave a fresh zest to it.

Had Southey been less dependent for daily bread on his daily labours as an author, it would also have been better for him; but what an unselfish and honourable life he led, living himself frugally, and helping others with a generosity never surpassed, I believe, in the annals of literature. Southey had a highly nervous temperament, but he knew how to rule his nerves by self-management, and was, one might think, a little more methodical than becomes a poet. "My actions," he wrote, in the early days of his Keswick life, "are as regular as those of St. Dunstan's quarter-boys. Three pages of history after breakfast (equivalent to five in small quarto printing); then to transcribe and copy for the press, or to make my selections and biographies, or what else suits my humour, till dinner-time; from dinner to tea I read, write letters, see the newspapers and very often indulge in a siesta, for sleep agrees with me. . . After tea I go to poetry, and correct and rewrite and copy till I am tired, and then turn to anything else till supper; and this

is my life, which, if it be not a very merry one, is yet as happy as heart could wish." He said he could not afford to do two things at a time—"no, nor two neither. I cannot work long together at anything without hurting myself, and so I do everything by heats; then by the time I am tired of one, my inclination for another is come round." Southey's method of work may have been judicious, but the Muse does not favour this clerk-like regularity. Milton had to wait for his inspiration, so had Gray, so had Coleridge; so would not Wordsworth, and the result is that one of the greatest and loveliest of our poets can be also one of the dreariest. He sometimes crawled, as Scott said, on all-fours. Wordsworth's method of work, however, was far more in accordance with poetical tradition than Southey's. "He never wrote down as he composed; but composed walking, riding, or in bed, and wrote down after." He was always "booing about," and his study, as one of his maid-servants said, was in the open air. Wordsworth dedicated his life to poetry, and his life was a long one; but all, or nearly all, the poems upon which his fame rests were written between the years 1799 and 1809. Coleridge had a still shorter reign as a poet, and may be said to have abdicated after five years of sovereignty. No method of work can keep alive the flame of imagination, and all that the poet or his critic can do is to indicate the sudden flash which set the flame burning. In the case of Wordsworth and Coleridge, the collision of two creative minds struck out the sparks from each, and it was a happy moment for England which brought these wonderful men together in the prime of early manhood.

De Quincey, who had an early admiration for these poets, and wrote more about them than was expedient, is, both for quality and quantity, one of our most distinguished writers of prose. He was, as is well known, a slave to opium, and the "Confessions of an Opium Eater" is his most brilliant production. His method of work was (if the bull may be permitted) amazingly unmethodical. He wrote by fits and starts, by night or by day, "left his affairs to arrange themselves," could never be relied upon to produce "copy" by a given date, and is said to have fled from his creditors at a time when as much was due to him as he owed to others. Although for many years he had a home at Lasswade, the village in which Scott began his married life, De Quincey appears to have had at the same time several sets of lodgings, and wherever he went it was his wont to leave behind him vast piles of books and manuscripts. Often he did not remember where he had left them, and sometimes his absent-mindedness caused him to be grossly cheated by people whom he had trusted. His daughter states that he would occupy a room until it was so full of papers "that there was not a square inch of room on the table to set a cup upon; that there was no possibility of making his bed for the weight of papers gathered there; that there was no chair which could be used for its



legitimate purpose; and that the track from the door to the fireplace had been blotted out even for his own careful treading; then he locked the door upon this impracticable state of things, and turned elsewhere. At his death there were, I believe, about six places where he had these deposits, it may be imagined at what expense." It is almost needless to say that a man so irregular in all his ways had no definite times and seasons for work. There were periods of utter incapacity for mental labour, and days when, as he said, a large dose of laudanum enabled him to get through a burst of work occasionally; but he dared not repeat this stimulant too often, and in the intervals he "suffered tortures." The marvel is that De Quincey achieved so much! In some ears it will sound like treason to say it, but it is possible his reputation would be still greater than it is if he had written less. Great as are the merits of De Quincey's style when its highest excellence is attained, conciseness is not one of them. His most judicious admirers acknowledge that he sometimes loses himself in mazes, and that his readers are lost in them also.

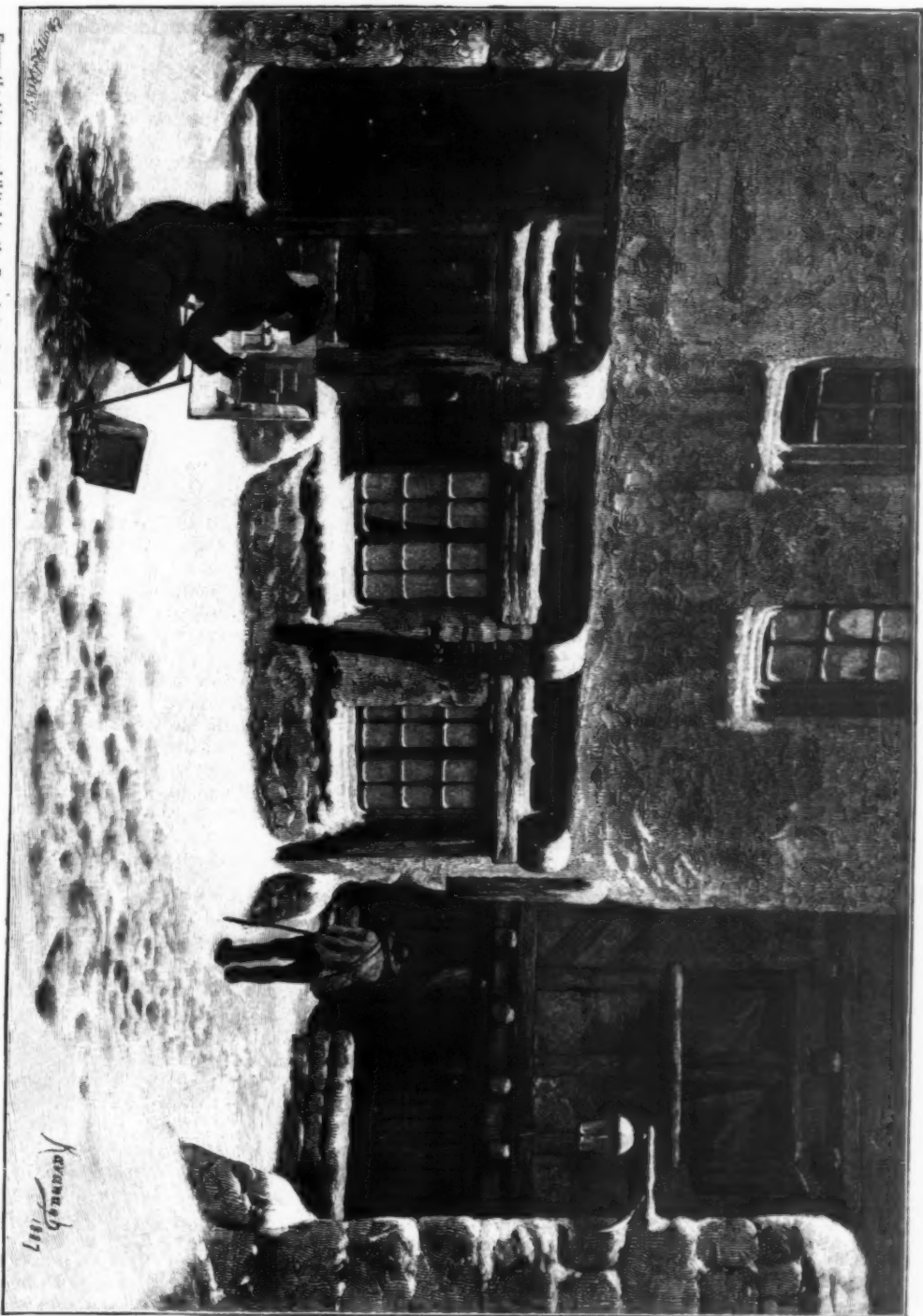
Charles Lamb, the most delightful, perhaps, of all essayists, had not this defect, and, so far from writing too much, has given the world too little. He did not write with ease. "You cannot conceive," he says to Godwin, "of the desultory and uncertain way in which I—an author by fits—sometimes cannot put the thoughts of a common letter into sane prose. Any work which I have taken upon me as an engagement will act upon me to torment." It was necessary for Lamb that he should be left free to write or not to write, and then in a happy moment he might produce "The Praise of Chimney Sweepers," or "A Dissertation on Roast Pig."

Leigh Hunt—the Harold Skimpole of Dickens' "Bleak House"—who was constantly in difficulties because, as he confessed, he did not understand arithmetic, was more familiar with the value of words than of money. What is noblest in literature he was not always capable of appreciating, but he was an adept in the niceties of composition, and is said, unless when pressed for time, to have "corrected, excised, reconsidered, and elaborated his productions with the most minute attention to details." This must, I think, have been Lamb's habit also, since his far more perfect work demanded an infinite amount of painstaking. Dr. Johnson spoke as if genius were nothing more than good sense applied with perseverance to a special subject, but no amount of good sense or application would ever produce an "Elia." It is true, however, that almost all great men of genius have been men of exhaustless energy. They have never been afraid of labour; and when the multitude cry out that a man is "a miracle of genius," Sydney Smith replies: "Yes, he is a miracle of genius, because he is a miracle of labour; because, instead of trusting to the resources of his own

single mind, he has ransacked a thousand minds . . . because it has ever been the object of his life to assist every intellectual gift of nature, however munificent and however splendid, with every resource that art could suggest, and every attention diligence could bestow." Milton did this, for he resolved early that "intense study" should be the business of his life, and so had Dante, some four centuries before him. This does not contradict the fact that poets, like imaginative prose writers, have sometimes to wait for their inspiration, and Dr. Johnson was surely incorrect in calling Gray's belief that he could not write except in happy moments "a fantastic foppery." No doubt such a belief may be abused, and often is by literary idlers, and it is fantastic foppery for authors whose genius is hidden from the critical eye to date, as has been done of late years, the day on which their small labours were begun and the day on which they were finished. You cannot prescribe to a man of genius, but you may be at liberty to think that he has not always chosen "the way that is most excellent." A popular living poet told me that it was his habit to smoke and wait for the imaginative fancies which might chance to come as the smoke ascended to the ceiling. How often the experiment failed he omitted to say. My readers may have heard of an author who went about the house with a wafer stuck on his forehead, to intimate that no one must speak to him while his brain was at work. The interruption of children or dogs never upset Scott's equanimity, and Jane Austen wrote her incomparable tales in the family sitting-room, undisturbed by the flow of talk around.

The poet Campbell, whose fame rests on three or four splendid battle songs, will seem to every reader of his life to have frittered away his powers. He had the fatal habit of procrastination. His promises were not to be trusted, the slightest obstacle sufficed to prevent the fulfilment of a duty. "He sought retirement," says his biographer, "for the work of composition, and would sit, then stand, then sit again, quite restless with his labour. The restlessness often showed itself by running away from his work and vanishing into the country at the time when, as an editor, he was most needed in London." The result was that though Campbell professed to devote his life to literature, he produced nothing, beyond a few lyrics, that is likely to be remembered. His great countryman, Sir Walter, strange to say, confessed that he was subject to a capricious kind of indolence. "It never," he writes, "makes me absolutely idle, but very often inclines me—as it were from mere contradiction's sake—to exchange the task of the day for something which I am not obliged to do at the moment, or perhaps not at all." Dr. Johnson, who was at times a prodigious worker, frequently regretted his indolence, and at the age of 72 we read how he retired to the summer-house in Thrale's grounds at Streatham (a house





*From the pictures exhibited in the Royal Academy.*

THE ENTHUSIAST.

now pulled down, which the present writer recollects visiting in reverence for the memory of a good man), and wrote the following lines in his note-book :

"After innumerable resolutions formed and neglected, I have retired hither to plan a life of greater diligence, in hope that I may yet be useful, and be daily better prepared to appear before my Creator and my Judge, from Whose infinite mercy I humbly call for assistance and support."

There is no doubt that Johnson had a constitutional indolence, from which he was constantly struggling to escape. At times he put forth immense energy, as, for instance, when in the evenings of a single week he wrote "*Rasselas*," to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral; and what an effort it must have been to him to begin and carry to completion an English dictionary! Pope showed also an equal courage in translating the "*Iliad*," for in body he was one of the frailest of mortals, and he had not the advantage of a thorough knowledge of Greek. There never was a poet more bent upon achieving success, or who, within the comparatively narrow range of his powers, achieved it more thoroughly. By night as well as by day, his mind was always active, and the story is told how, "in the dreadful winter of Forty," he would call a servant from her bed four times in one night to supply him with ink and paper lest he should lose a thought. It should be added that he rewarded the maid so bountifully for her trouble that she said she would do without wages in a family where she had to wait on the poet. Addison, who gained his high position in society by verse which nobody reads now save upon compulsion, wrote as every reader knows exquisite prose, and as an essayist has no English rival save Charles Lamb. According to Pope, whose jealousy of Addison survives in a satire not to be surpassed for subtlety, the essayist wrote very fluently,

and sent many of his papers without revision to the press. Yet we are also told that he was scrupulous in correcting. "He would alter," says Pope, "anything to please his friends before publication, but would not retouch his pieces afterwards."

It was Lord Jeffery, was it not? who wondered where Lord Macaulay got his style—a style formed as his biographer admits with indefatigable labour. "He could not rest until every paragraph concluded with a telling sentence, and every sentence flowed like running water." I think that the wonder is far greater with regard to Addison. In Macaulay's day there were several famous authors from whom he may have taken hints, but in the art of writing what may be called "modern English" Addison had no master to guide him, with, perhaps, the sole exception of Dryden. England had magnificent prose writers before Addison—Sir Thomas Browne and Jeremy Taylor, for example—but not one who wrote with the easy flow of the Queen Anne essayist, whose stream of imaginative fancies glides without a break. One would like to know his method of work; but we may be sure that the grace which charms us was due to strenuous labour. Bishop Berkeley, who, according to Pope, was blessed with every virtue under heaven, had assuredly that of style; and how he managed to write on philosophical subjects in language so luminous that he who runs may read, we have no means of knowing. Nature, no doubt, did much, for clear-sightedness is one of Berkeley's gifts, but art must have done more; and if the reader thinks that this was also the case with Pope, there are critics that will not dispute the verdict. A topic such as this is, as I have already observed, inexhaustible, but it is time that I should stay my hand, since some regard is due to the exigencies of the *LEISURE HOUR* and to the patience of readers.

JOHN DENNIS.

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## Sleep.

ANGEL thrice gentle! for the evening dew  
 Falls not so lightly as thy kindly rest;  
 Lulling the impotent ire-laden breast  
 To infant quietude, working to renew  
 The lonely mind outpoured in sorrowing tears,  
 To hush the weary grief and heartsore sigh  
 Of disappointed hope; and pausing by  
 The conscious-smitten, stealing all their fears;  
 Whispering the deafened ear some sweet old strain  
 Heard with the music of a brighter day;  
 Blessing the blinded eye, which sees again  
 The dreamful wonders of some pleasant way;  
 Sing us the lullaby no tongue can sing,  
 And waft us rest from thy ethereal wing.

EDWARD MEDLAND WHITE.

## MIDLAND SKETCHES.

### KIDDERMINSTER.



KIDDERMINSTER FROM THE WEST.

**K**IDDERMINSTER is the carpet town. Other towns there are—Halifax and Glasgow for example—that make carpets; but they do other things besides, while Kidderminster makes carpets only, with the exception of cycles, which does not count, as without a cycle factory no respectable borough is now complete.

You go down into it from a curious railway station along a tree-lined street, for it lies in a deep valley bounded by rounded hills, up and beyond which the scenery is delightful. Through the valley runs the narrow river Stour, on whose winding banks the old town was built, and whose water, "being found well fitted for the washing of worsted yarns," suggested the nature of the trades in which the people could earn a livelihood.

It is an old place, though there is nothing particularly old left about it, its name and its lengthy history going back to St. Chad, the first bishop of Lichfield, or perhaps to his brother Cedd, who was bishop of London. The timber minster of the Saxon days stood on the site of the present parish church, which has a peculiarly sweetly sounding peal of bells, due, it is said, to the tower being founded on a red sandstone bluff close to the water. It is an ancient rambling sort of church, somewhat dark within, with a few monuments and many good details, that has lost much of its charm through restoration. In it Richard Baxter ministered during the stormy period of the Parliamentary troubles; and his fine statue—near the new church to his memory that has risen on the site of the Old Meeting—is the town's real centre.

Kidderminster parish once had an area of

thirty-one square miles, but that was a long time ago. Nowadays there are seventeen churches and chapels in the town alone, the most prominent being St. George's, which chiefly owes its origin to a share in that million of money devoted to church building which Parliament voted as a thankoffering after the Napoleonic wars.

Within a hundred yards or so of Baxter is another good statue, that of Sir Rowland Hill, who was born here, the son of a manufacturer who failed and took to keeping a school. Another Kidderminster worthy was Sir Josiah Mason of Birmingham fame, another was Lant Carpenter, another was Edward Bradley, better known as "Cuthbert Bede." Behind the Hill statue are the town hall and police station, and close by is the new building in which are housed the School of Science and Art, the Museum, and the Free Library.

The library, which has been lingering on for years in an erratic sort of way, has been waking up of late under the presidency of Mr. Tomkinson and the care of Mr. Sparke, whose capital pamphlet on "The Uses of Public Libraries" contains much good argument in support of the movement that cannot fail to be without influence. "A model library for the people," he says, "should contain at least 16,000 to 20,000 volumes, and a surplus of money should be always in hand to bind and repair and replace books as they become dilapidated and worn out." This is spoken in hope; for Kidderminster, with a population of 25,000 and a rateable value of £80,000, spends little more than £300 a year on its library, which consists but of 4,500 volumes. When the library was removed to the new buildings in

1894, there were only 255 persons borrowing books; now there are about 1,500, the issues being 25,000 a year, of which the percentage of fiction is 53. The reading room, too, is more used, there being now about a quarter of a million visitors to it during the year.

The Science and Art School has also begun to make more headway. In the art department there are now nine teachers, and on the science side about a dozen subjects are taught in addition to the commercial, literary, and evening continuation classes which are held in the same building. Of the other schools, including the Grammar School, there are about fifteen altogether, six of which are under the School Board, and the elementary education has to be carried on with the usual difficulties that beset a manufacturing town in which both sexes and almost all ages are employed in the factories.



THE BAXTER STATUE AND BAXTER MEMORIAL CHURCH.

Kidderminster seems always to have been a thrifty place. When Edward I in 1295 invited it to send two representatives to Parliament it did so. But as it had to pay their expenses, and all that that Parliament did was to vote supplies, its representatives received a very cool welcome on their return; and when the next writ arrived the good folks decided that the game was not worth the money, and declined to elect any more members, so that the town remained unrepresented until the Reform Bill of 1832.

The Carpet Industry.

For six hundred years and more it has been engaged in making woollens, and at one time it had a reputation for silks and bombazines; but during the Tudor and Stuart periods it seems to have devoted a good deal of its attention more to the cheap than the good. In Shakespearean days it was "Kidderminster stuff" which was used in theatres instead of scenery, whence the allusion in the prologue to "The Generous Enemy":

"Our aged fathers came to plays for wit,  
And sat knee-deep in nutshells in the pit,  
Coarse hangings then instead of scenes were worn,  
And Kidderminster did the stage adorn."

In 1735 its trade was in a bad way, and the manufacture of carpets was introduced to give its workpeople another chance. But it has never invented a carpet of its own. The first it tried its hand at had been for years profitably made at Bristol. It copied the Bristol machinery and set to work with such vigour that Bristol carpets became known as Kidderminsters, as they are to this day, when they are principally made in Yorkshire and Scotland.

In 1745 the Earl of Pembroke smuggled from Flanders a weaver over in a sugar-cask and began building looms and making carpets at Wilton. Here was a hint for Kidderminster. Wilton carpets had had but a three years' run when John Broom started off from the old town on the Stour to see if he could not import another weaver in a sugar-cask or otherwise. He found the very man he wanted at Tournay, and in 1749 began with his assistance to build the first Brussels carpet loom in this country. This was in an attic on Mount Skipet, and the loom was built in secret, and worked at day and night. But there was another manufacturer in Kidderminster who had doubtless heard of brooms being sold cheaply ready made. He took an upper room next door, and every night by means of a ladder watched the proceedings to such purpose that in a short time he also had a Brussels loom going, and through him the mystery became common property, and a flourishing trade began which has lasted up to now.

When once the making of Brussels carpets was in full swing, there was no difficulty, as will appear in the sequel, in



producing Wiltons. Later on a depression in trade led to the introduction of tapestry and velvet pile from the north of the Tweed, whence "real Scotch Kidder," which had gone to the north direct from Bristol, was again introduced. Soon Kidderminster took naturally to Axminsters, and lately it has been trying its hand at Oriental goods—even, it is whispered, "real Turkey." Thus it comes about that Kidderminster makes every sort of carpet; the one it makes least of all being that which bears its name.

Designers. Nowhere can the varied nature of its present industries be more readily understood than at the studio of some designer for the trade. Here you find patterns for every kind of carpet produced, and in tracing the growth of the design from the rough sketch to its full development on the paper ruled with multitudinous squares, you see why a subject that may suit one fabric may not suit another owing to the fabrics differing in the surface they present. And you will learn how quickly fashion changes. "We once had a pattern," said Mr. Woodhouse to us, "which appeared in Maple's window four years running. That was something to be proud of; but it would not suit our trade for all patterns to last like that. As a rule a design is good for one year only, and once it goes out of fashion it never comes back." And yet surely a few of the good patterns ought to be saleable if they were only kept on view. Some of these we were shown in this studio—notably a blue Brussels and an Axminster by Mr. H. J. Hodge—would seem to be worthy of a better fate than a mere twelvemonth's run.

Spinning. Kidderminster claims to make its goods "from bale to bale." At Watson's, one of the spinning mills, you find the bales of wool going in; you see them opened up and the varieties blended; and you watch the mixture, as it is thrown into the scourer, pushed onwards by huge wooden forks with a strangely arm-like motion from tank to tank of suds, one after the other out of the tank, through the rollers, into the tank again, until it is delivered at the far end washed and dried and creamy white. Then you see it cleansed from burrs and, like heavy snowflakes, passed through the long carding engine, travelling up the ladder into the trough—which is balanced so that, when a certain weight has passed in, the trough drops and cants over, thus feeding in the quantity required without any risk of error or delay—and you watch it passing through the combs and brushes, getting straighter and more

transparent as it goes, until it appears as a continuous film to be gathered into the soft white rope known as the "sliver," which, after many spinnings and doublings amid much noisy mechanism, becomes at last the familiar yarn.



THE TOWN HALL, WITH THE ROWLAND HILL STATUE.

Floor upon floor, each with its machines differing from those on the other floors, the machines close up in regimental order, every machine like its neighbour to the left and right and front and rear of it, and all with hundreds of spools and spindles in rank after rank, spinning so fast that they seem to be motionless—that is the general impression one gets of a spinning mill; and to go into detail would be here impossible.

Some of the carpet factories spin their own yarn, and among them is Kidderminster Naylor's, next door to Watson's, Carpets. which is noteworthy as being the only place where what we know as Kidderminster carpets are now made in Kidderminster; not, however, these only, but "art squares" and all other carpets of whatsoever geographical name in which the pattern on one side appears on the other with the colours reversed. Here you can see the yarn dyeing in vats amid a Turner-esque medium of colours and steam and drying in hot rooms that take your breath away; and you can try your eyes at a colour test that would send a B.T. examiner into ecstasies, as it would range over a thousand hues differing from each other so slightly that you have to take not a few of the differences on trust, unless you happen to compare the colours in the sunlight.

Following some of these yarns you will find them being wound into "cops" for the shuttles, and there being neither wood nor paper now used to wind the cops on—for they are wound on themselves as a ball of string is—they hold much more and last much longer than did the cops of the past. And you will meet with the warps being slowly wound on the beam from

the hundreds of spools on the angular cage, the reading of the pattern on to the jacquard cards, the punching of the cards, the sewing them one to another by machine, and then the weaving, with the warps controlled by the jacquard overhead in the same way as so many other similar fabrics.

A yard is no longer the limit of width for this kind of carpet; you will find art squares that are twelve feet wide, some of these being made on hand-loom, a man at each end throwing the shuttles backwards and forwards to each other, as many shuttles as there are colours crossing the pattern, throwing and catching—excellent fielding!—with not a hint of a fumble in the catch or a pause in the return.

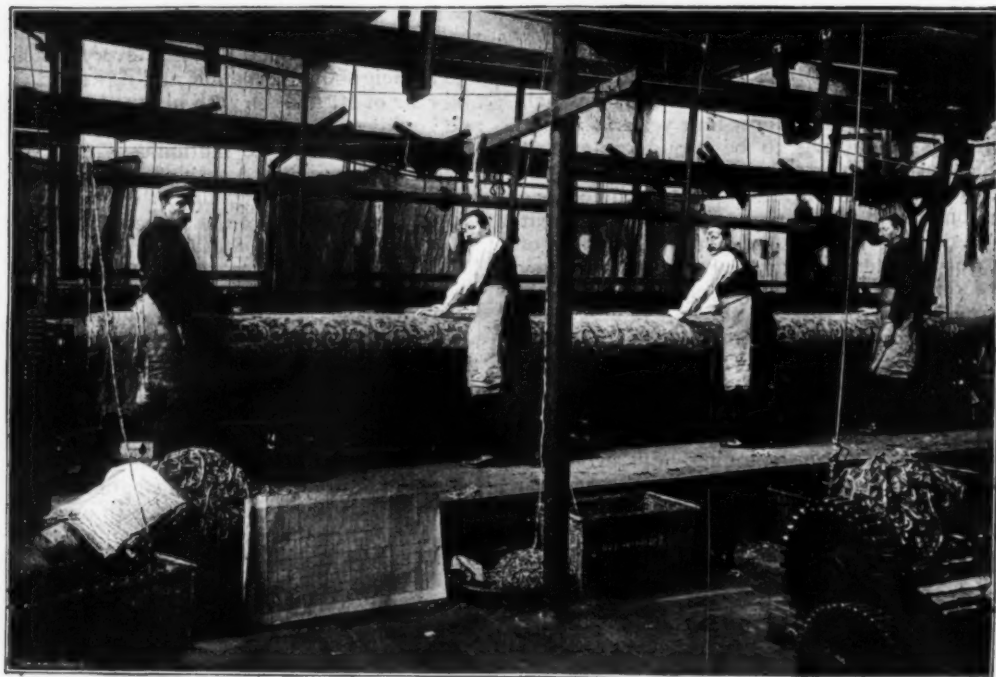
As there is only one factory in the town where "Kidders" are made, so there is now only one—Hughes's—for "Tapestries," the bulk of the trade being in Brussels and the various kinds of Axminsters. An ingenious process is that of making tapestry carpets, and Richard Whytock well deserved the extension of the patent he got for his patient work at Lasswade.

Tapestry carpet consists of a strong backing and only one layer of worsted warp, and it is made to show any number of colours and shades by dyeing each worsted yarn with the

mere lines; and the way these colours are painted on the warps is really ingenious.

To begin with, the design is cut into four vertical strips, these quarters being mounted on a board and varnished. Along the top of each board a horizontal scale is pasted, on which there is a consecutive number for every thread in the warp, and down the left-hand side a vertical scale, similarly numbered, is fastened by thumbscrews so that it can be step by step moved across the pattern and thus give the exact position of each colour on each thread.

The white yarn, sufficient for a single thread through a quarter of a mile of carpet, is wound close up in one layer over a gigantic drum, and round the edge of this drum is a scale answering to the vertical scale on the pattern, but sufficiently enlarged to allow for the loops and ribs into which the thread will be gathered. Beneath the drum is a tiny railway, on which runs a travelling trough of colour with a wheel on top that works in the colour and touches the drum, so that, every time it is drawn across, the colour is by it painted on the yarn at the exact spot to which the scale on the wheel has been moved. For every colour a different trough is required, and as the drum has to be adjusted for every line that is ruled, and there has to be a drum for every thread in the pattern, the process



HAND-LOOM FOR AXMINSTER CARPETS.

various hues it requires to be as it passes through the pattern from end to end of the piece. Each yarn is consequently of several dozen colours in bands, as if beads had been strung on to it, some of the bands being broad, some narrow, some

is long and tedious. The threads are combed across to drive the colour well into them, and are then taken off in long skeins. These skeins are laid in long wooden trays, where they are appropriately enough, considering the Scottish

origin of the invention, covered with oat dust to soak up superfluous moisture and stop the colours from running, and the trays are run into low iron ovens in which the colours are softened and fixed by steam.

Every skein bears a metal number corresponding to that of the thread it represents in the pattern, and from a pair of deeply grooved wheels called "swifts," on which it is hung vertically with a swift at the top and bottom, it is run on to a spool which is also numbered in the same way. The numbered spools are then placed on the setting machine, at one end of which they stand on a group of spindles, while at the other end is the roller around which what is to be the warp is slowly wound. A woman sits on each side of the setting machine, and the process of winding is so carefully done that it is checked six hundred times before the spools have yielded up their threads. It is on the setting machine that the pattern first appears, and it looks as if it had been printed on indiarubber and stretched to three times its length owing to the allowance for the yarn that will be hidden when it has been woven in.

Thus far the face of the carpet. The back is formed of jute or other fibre, dyed and stiffened by machine with black size made of old kid gloves or horn-pith. The weaving need not detain us except for its special feature—that curious contrivance by which the ribs are formed. As the warps open, a steel skewer rather longer than the carpet is wide is thrust in between them, and as they close the coloured worsted is woven on to it; as they open again another skewer is thrust in, and so on until twenty skewers are in place, and the carpet, which now shows the pattern as given in the design, looks as though it had been worked on so many knitting-needles. Then, as the warps open, the hindmost needle is withdrawn, and swung forward to be thrust through in front. Thus the weaving goes on; the warps opening and closing, the shuttles flying, the needles swinging and being thrust and withdrawn all by mechanism, the attendant merely having to watch that all goes well.

That is a tapestry carpet, but Velvet Pile and Wilton. beat out the end of the needle, so as to form a short flat blade, such as a pocket-knife may have, and every time it is withdrawn it will cut through the top of the rib, and thereby make your carpet a "Velvet Pile." In Brussels carpets the needles are similarly used, and when they are similarly bladed at the ends, they also cut through the ribs and give you a "Wilton."

Brussels  
Carpets.

But a Brussels does not pass through the same preliminary stages. The pattern is given by the warp, it is true, but each thread of the warp is of the same colour throughout, and, instead of being together on a beam, the yarns are on separate spools, the spools standing on spindles



A CORNER OF THE DYE-HOUSE.

in trays, each tray having 256 of them. These trays, which stand one above the other at the back of the loom, are the "frames," so that in a five-frame Brussels there are no less than 1,280 separate yarns in the warp, each working from its own spool. In the old days each frameful was of one colour; but now, by what is called "planting," an extra colour or two may be worked in the frames, providing it is done judiciously, so as not to produce a perceptible stripe.

The reason of each thread of the warp being separate is that the length taken up by each in weaving is dependent on the requirements of the pattern, as we saw at Nottingham was the case with the curtain machine. And as with the curtain machine, and with nearly all weaving machines for that matter, the pattern is controlled by the jacquard, whereas in tapestry no jacquard is necessary, owing to the pattern having already been dyed on the warp threads.

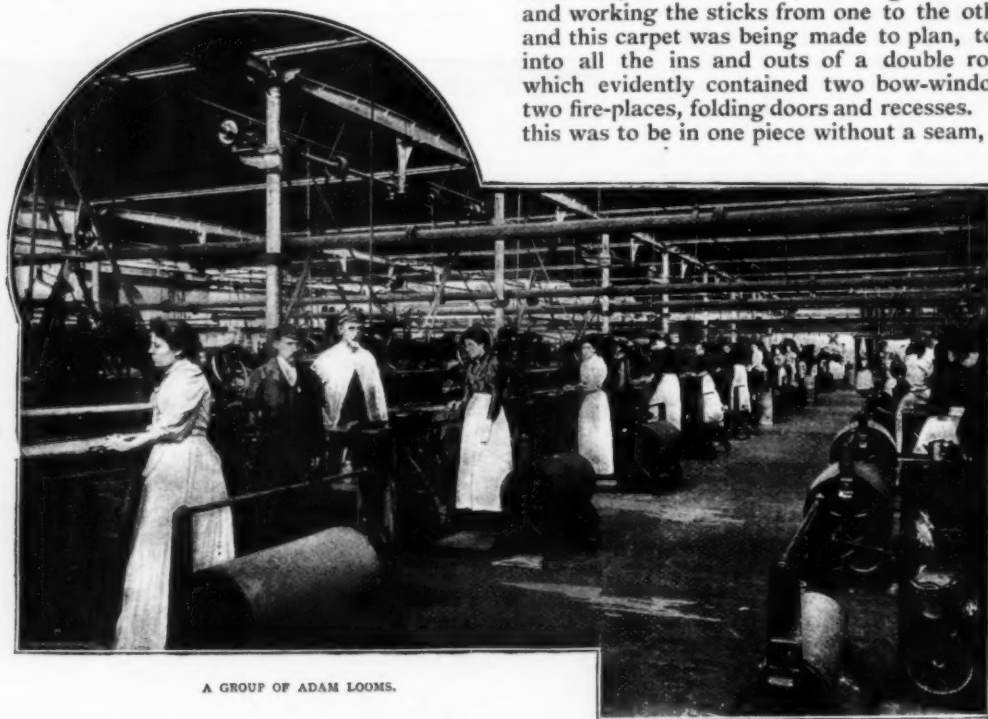
The tapestry process is also used for mats and other sundries, among them those wonderful rugs with the peacock or dog or tiger or what not in the middle, which rugs used to go to the mining districts, and now go, of all places in the world, to Paris by the 300 dozen at a time.



Axminster  
Carpets.

The carpet of the day, the one that increases in favour even more than Brussels, is Axminster, and at Kidderminster there is an Axminster factory—Tomkinson and Adam's—which employs over a

must also be of a fixed width, but it can quite as well be woven by hand. As an instance of what can be done in this way we found one huge loom making a carpet twenty-four feet wide and over forty feet long, there being four men at it, seated in a row, throwing the shuttles and working the sticks from one to the other; and this carpet was being made to plan, to fit into all the ins and outs of a double room, which evidently contained two bow-windows, two fire-places, folding doors and recesses. All this was to be in one piece without a seam, and



A GROUP OF ADAM LOOMS.

thousand people, covers an area of five acres, and grows larger every year. Axminster—and there are several varieties of it, one of them woven in one piece without seam costing over a guinea and a half the square yard—differs from all other carpets in that the pattern in no way depends on the warp, but is given by the chenille which is worked across it. As with tapestry, there are no limitations as to the number or range of colours; you can have the quietest geometrical design in monotone; you can have—as has been done—green pastures with a tree and a sheep or two, and a row of conventional shepherds gazing at them over the border, or you can have a *matinée* hat treated Axminsterly—that is to say, rendered with due regard to the exigencies of the material.

But even in this respect Axminster has an advantage, for the softness of the pile lends itself to much easier curves and more flowing designs than other carpeting fabrics. And the possibilities of pattern-making are large. This one factory spends some thousands of pounds a year on its designing department, and puts hundreds of new patterns on the market every season.

As far as width goes, the range is also great. Brussels is woven by power alone, and the width is always the same, being that of the Flemish ell. Axminster, when woven by power,

was altogether so complicated a thing that one would never have believed it could be done without cutting and sewing.

The scale on which operations are carried on may be gathered from the fact that a travelling crane is used in the dye-house for the purpose of lifting the yarns out of the vats, the yarns being hung, not on poles, but on long rectangular cages. And so far as the yarn store is concerned, no measurements would give an idea of the enormous stock and the variety of tints stowed away in the row after row of bins that seem to be interminable.

In the Axminster carpet the surface is given by a row of chenille which is worked across the warp. There are two ways in which this is done. In the hand-loom and in the Adam power-loom the chenille, previously prepared in a long rope, is worked backwards and forwards; in the other, adopted in the Skinner power-loom only, every row of chenille is made separately, as the loom is working, the yarns of which it is composed having been previously arranged for the purpose.

The first system need not detain us. The chenille is woven as a loose fabric to suit the pattern and cut into strips, on which the pile is bent at an angle. As the carpet is woven the chenille is run in between the warps as they open. In the hand-loom it is wound on a stick



with a notch at each end as if it were a fishing line, and this stick passes through the warps like a shuttle, the row being brushed up close to the previous one before the shuttle passes and the warps close. In the Adam powerloom it is delivered through a tube which works backwards and forwards as the weaving progresses.

The weaving of Aristo and Imperial Axminster is a process of more elaborate ingenuity. The remarkable loom was invented by Halcyon Skinner, an American, the patent rights for Great Britain being secured by Tomkinson and Adam, who have added many improvements to it since its introduction. Every line of the pattern is numbered, and a roll of yarns the width of the carpet is prepared so as to hold sufficient yarn for each repetition of that particular line of chenille; and as the rolls must enter the loom in consecutive order, for there are no means of selection or going backwards, there must be just as many rolls of that particular line as are required within a certain length of the piece. Each line is dealt with separately on a setting machine, much the same in principle as that used in making tapestry, with the crowd of bobbins behind and a roller in front; but there is necessarily no sign of a pattern, the object being merely to keep the yarns in proper succession. The consequence is that in each series there may be as many as 200 rollers, or spools as they are called, each spool having 200 yarns in its width.

The quickness with which these spools are wound is remarkable. The threads are laid over the roller, a strip of steel driven into a groove in the roller keeps them in place, the ragged ends are cut off, the roller begins to run, the regiment of bobbins at the back spin on their pins, the machine stops, a stick is tied on the roller, now full of yarn, and with a few snips from the scissors the roll is ready for the next operation, which consists of threading the end of each of its yarns through a tube by means of a crochet-needle, the tubes forming a comb the width of the spool, and being the guides through which the yarns are introduced into the mechanism of the loom.

And intricate and beautiful that mechanism is, the most striking feature being the pair of endless chains, rising vertically, passing at right angles overhead and down the other side, on which at every link hang the spools, which one after the other deliver the yarns of which the chenille strips are made. Of weaving the foundation of the carpet we need say nothing; it is readily conceivable. Suffice it to say that it is of linen, and that the

thicker and softer it is the better the quality, as is the case with all carpets. Following one of the spools, you see it in a succession of brief pauses travel overhead and down into the mass of restless rods and whirling wheels. As it reaches the lowest point to rise again, a steel finger springs up at each end, lifts it with a click from its catch, drags it down into the warps, a bar dashes through, you see the least sign of a twist and a threading and the shoot of a shuttle, then there is a flash with a knife, and the fingers lift the spool up again into the catches as another knife cuts the pile; and, as the spool rises on the chains, the fingers click and pull down the next into its place, to be dealt with in a similar way.

Along the front of the loom is the carpet being slowly made, and down and under the platform and up again it goes behind the attendant until in a thick roll it stands just below the end of the hanging chain of spools. Each machine is as big as an ordinary room. Imagine a shed that must be at least a hundred yards square, three-fourths of it occupied by



WINDING THE SPOOLS.

228 of these and other looms in row behind row, running with a subdued roar, and you have the biggest assemblage of machinery that can be seen at one view in any factory in Kidderminster.

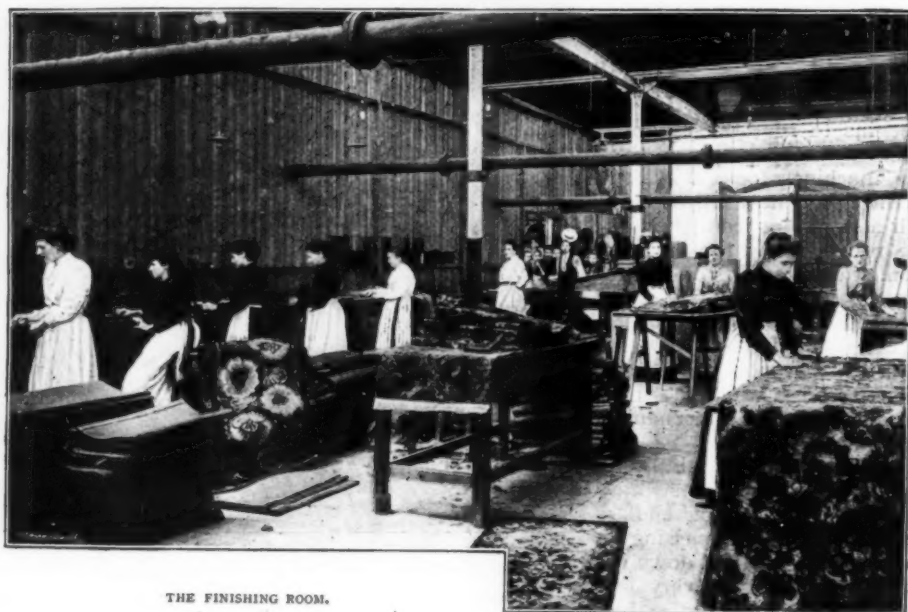


WEAVING "ARISTO" AXMINSTER.

On leaving the loom the carpets are shorn in a machine that reminds one of a lawn-mower — though the lawn is applied to the mower, and not the mower to the lawn—the knives of which are adjustable with such precision as to take off but the slightest film of surface; a similar machine, though much larger—in fact, it is necessarily enormous—being used for shearing large carpets woven in one piece. Finally the carpet finds its way to the finishing room, to be overhauled inch by inch by girls, who with needle and thread make good every slip and imperfection.

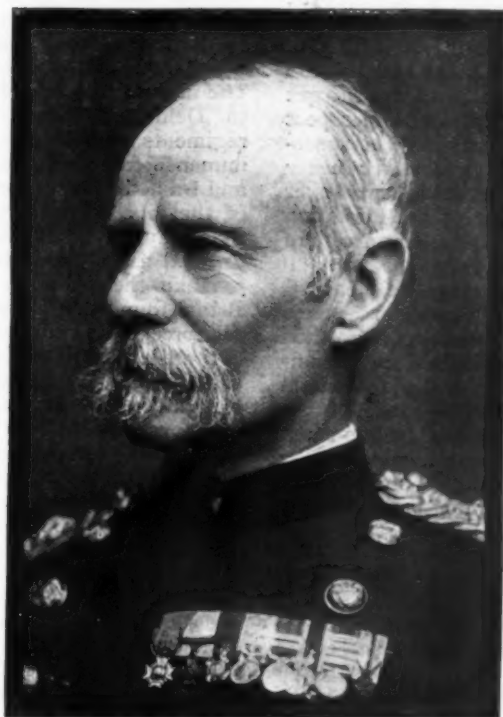
Enough; we have not said half what we might have done, but we have no room for more. The show-rooms, which are down in Church Street, halfway between the Baxter statue and the church, we can leave to the imagination with their wealth of harmonious colouring that only carpets of the kind can yield, and not only carpets, but mats and rugs as rich and handsome as any that reach us from the East, or bear Eastern names—which is not quite the same thing, though the quality may be as good.

W. J. GORDON.



THE FINISHING ROOM.

## LORD ROBERTS ON INDIA.<sup>1</sup>



*By permission.  
From photograph by A. Barraud.*

*Roberts,*

BOOKS about India are very many, but readers of them have been comparatively few.

It will not be so with this book by Lord Roberts of Kandahar. In the short Preface he says that he has written as "a soldier not a man of letters," and asks forgiveness of "all faults of style or language." This modest appeal is wholly uncalled for, as will be soon manifest to everyone into whose hands the volumes come. "Forty-one" years it is said on the title-page, but the record covers a far longer period than that. Through his father, General Sir Abraham Roberts, G.C.B., a veteran who had seen much service in the earlier part of the century, he had heard of the state of affairs before he began his own career. Between them nearly ninety years of Indian history had been known, and the experiences of both are turned to good use by the soldier son in his book.

The subjects touched upon in the two volumes, each of more than five hundred pages, are so numerous and varied, that it is necessary to select only a few points for notice. The event which occupies a large part of the first volume is the Mutiny of 1857-58. In the reign of Elizabeth the story of the Spanish Armada is the one great topic. In the reign of Victoria, the one greatest event in the history of England is the re-conquest of India after the Mutiny.

Born in 1832, at Cawnpore, young Roberts was sent to England; educated at Clifton, Eton, Sandhurst, and Addiscombe. His father saw him once, when home on leave, but only for a short time, as the boy was at school then. This, and other family matters, we gather incidentally, for the book commences abruptly; telling how he sailed from Southampton, in February 1852, bound for Calcutta, which was

<sup>1</sup> "Forty-one Years in India, from Subaltern to Commander-in-Chief." By Field-Marshal Lord Roberts of Kandahar, V.C., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E. 2 vols., with portraits and maps. (Bentley.)

reached in April. In those days steamers ran to and from India but once a month, and there were about as many passengers in a whole year as there are now in a fortnight at the busy season. Arthur Roberts had gained an Artillery pass at Addiscombe, and he sailed with four other cadets, one of whom was also going to the headquarters of the Bengal Artillery at Dum-Dum. The Infantry cadets were bound for Fort William or elsewhere. All the youngsters were excited with the talk of the "old Indians," on the voyage, and longed to get into active service. But there was little prospect of this for Roberts. He was only a supernumerary second lieutenant, and nearly every officer of the Bengal Artillery had served over fifteen years as a subaltern. This stagnation extended to every branch of the Indian Army in those times.

The first impressions of India were disheartening, but things brightened up when he was told to come to Peshawur, where his father, then in his 60th year, had at last obtained a command, with temporary rank of Major-General—it was eleven years after the close of the first Afghan war. When acting aide-de-camp to his father, young Roberts also attended strictly to regimental duty. Then followed many expeditions and movements; in one of which he saw John Nicholson for the first time.

"Nicholson impressed me more profoundly than any man I had ever met before, or have ever met since. I have never seen anyone like him. He was the *beau idéal* of a soldier and a gentleman. His appearance was distinguished and commanding, with a sense of power about him which to my mind was the result of his having passed so much of his life amongst the wild and lawless tribesmen, with whom his authority was supreme. Intercourse with this man among men made me more eager than ever to remain on the frontier, and I was seized with ambition to follow in his footsteps."

Nicholson was at that time Deputy-Commissioner of the Punjab, and Roberts met him while on a tour of inspection, he himself having been ordered to survey the hill of Cherat as a Sanatorium for Europeans at Peshawur. Nicholson's tent was pitched near that of the young Artillery officer, whom he asked to dine with him. This was the beginning of an attachment, intensified when Roberts afterwards served under the man who was regarded as a tower of strength; and who was almost worshipped by the natives on the north-west. John Lawrence was the ruler of the Punjab in those days, and under him there was a band of younger men, few of whom survive now, but whose names will live in history. Roberts soon found favour with "Jan Larrin," by whom he had been entrusted with some important and perilous mission. With all the other men of mark in the Punjab or on the frontiers the young Artillery lieutenant became acquainted, but it was chiefly to Nicholson that he had the closest attachment.

The true story of the mutiny as told by Lord Roberts is far more exciting than any "novel,"

and more full of romantic incidents. He deals with the whole course of events from the outbreak at Meerut in May till the close of the rebellion.

The Siege of  
Delhi.

By far the most interesting chapters are those which describe in detail the Siege of Delhi. Roberts had the good fortune to witness the whole of that memorable event. He came down from the Punjab as aide-de-camp to Nicholson. That was indeed a critical time. The mutineers from Meerut had gone straight to Delhi, and were joined there by sepoy regiments from other stations, till there was an immense force—fifty or sixty thousand armed and trained soldiers, besides the vast population of the city. The fortifications were stronger than Lawrence had thought when he managed to send a few thousand men with instructions to take the place. Instead of a siege the British found they were besieged, and the scanty reinforcements which continued to be sent were outnumbered by the fresh native troops always arriving and attacking the British camp. It was in the hottest season of the year; cholera and fever, as well as losses in many a battle, reduced the force terribly; no tidings, far less any help, could be obtained from the south. They did not even know of the disasters of Cawnpore, or of the danger which Sir Henry Lawrence was in at Lucknow. Worst of all, there was no heavy artillery to silence the enemies' guns or to bombard the walls, while they themselves were exposed to perpetual attacks. Ammunition was beginning to be short, and it came to such a pass that money was paid for every shot that could be gathered after being fired from the walls or from the attacking sepoy artillery. Two of the British generals had died, and when the command devolved on Archdale Wilson matters had become almost hopeless. If Delhi could not be taken, the British rule in India was at an end.

The present writer has now before him the journal and letters of an officer of the 60th Rifles, who was in the camp or on the field throughout the siege, and who knew all the notable men engaged in the operations, both during the long defensive period, and the final assault and triumph. In the main the story as told by Lord Roberts is clear and accurate, and his comments on the spirit and feelings of the men, whether British or native, are expressed truthfully and generously. But he has been able, through his intimacy with Nicholson and other chiefs, to tell some things not till now known. Here is one striking instance. On August 29 Lawrence wrote to Wilson: "There seem to be strong reasons for assaulting as soon as practicable. Every day's delay is fraught with danger. Every day dissatisfaction and mutiny spread. Every day adds to the danger of native princes taking part against us." Yet Wilson wavered. He was ill. Anxiety and responsibility had told upon him. He had grown nervous and hesitating, and the



longer he delayed the more difficult the task appeared. Now comes the critical moment of which Lord Roberts tells us :

"I was sitting in Nicholson's tent before he set out to attend the Council. He had been talking to me in confidential terms of personal matters, and ended by telling me of his intention to take a very unusual step should the Council fail to arrive at a fixed determination regarding the assault. 'Delhi *must* be taken,' he said, 'and it is absolutely essential that this should be done at once. If Wilson hesitates longer, I intend to propose at to-day's meeting that he should be superseded.' I was greatly startled, and ventured to remark that, as Chamberlain was *hors de combat* from his wound, Wilson's removal would leave him, Nicholson, senior officer with the force. He smiled as he answered, 'I have not overlooked that fact. I shall make it perfectly clear that, under the circumstances, I could not possibly accept the command myself, and I shall propose that it be given to Campbell of the 52nd; I am prepared to serve under him for the time being, so no one can ever accuse me of being influenced by personal motives.'"

Happily the result of the Council, summoned on account of Lawrence's letter, was that Wilson agreed to the assault. Preparations were begun at once, and after a fearful struggle, on September 21 a royal salute proclaimed that Delhi was again in the hands of the British. The death of Nicholson at the assault; the capture of the old King, the last of the Mogul emperors, by Hodson; the dispersal of the mutineers; and then the march of the small remainder of the Delhi army to go to the help of Havelock and Outram and Lord Clyde in the recapture of Lucknow, where Sir Henry Lawrence and other heroes fell: all this is told by Roberts, who was ever in the front, except when laid aside for a time by wounds or illness.

Causes of the Mutiny. What brought about the Mutiny? There are many opinions, but the clear statements of Lord Roberts will be henceforth accepted in history. He says that the causes were various, and some of long standing. This he proves by undoubted testimonies. The use of greased cartridges in 1857, which many suppose to have been the chief cause, was only the excuse for an outbreak which was inevitable. During the first years of our supremacy in India, Hindus and Mohamedans alike were disposed to acquiesce in our rule, and the blessings of rest and peace, after long periods of strife and anarchy, were too real not to be appreciated by the vast majority of the people all over the Indian continent. But as time went on, a new generation sprang up, who, when pressed by poverty and evils of any sort, were ready to lay the blame on their foreign rulers. The late Sir George Campbell said that the mutiny of 1857 was "a sepoy revolt," not a "native rebellion." The revolt would never have become formidable had there not been a growing discontent and uneasiness in the Presidencies from which the sepoy army chiefly came, and this deep dissatisfaction was used by various people for their own ends. They watched their opportunity to get rid of the British *raj* or rule. Mohamedans were taught by their Moulvies

that it was only right to submit to the rule of Infidels if there was no possibility of successful revolt, and they watched for any chance of again making Islam supreme. There had long existed an idea that the English *raj* was not destined to survive its hundredth year, and that the centenary of Clive's victory on the field of Plassy on June 23, 1757, would see its downfall.

During the thirteen years preceding 1857 the native army, numbering 217,000 men and 176 guns, was increased by 40,000 men and 40 guns, but no addition was made to the small European force of 38,000 till 1853, when one regiment was added to each Presidency, or less than 3,000 soldiers in all. This insignificant augmentation was subsequently more than neutralised by the withdrawal of six British regiments from India to meet the requirements of the Crimean and Persian wars. Lord Dalhousie saw the danger of the immense preponderance of native troops, but his strong representations to Her Majesty's Government, and his appeals for larger numbers of British regiments, were disregarded. In fact, at the beginning of the mutiny the native soldiers were nearly ten times more numerous than the British. Nor was the disparity of number the chief source of danger. The whole of the arsenals and magazines throughout the three Presidencies were guarded by native soldiers.

Henry Lawrence was apparently the only European in India who, from the very first, had formed an accurate estimate of the danger. In the "Calcutta Review," as long ago as 1843, he pointed out the possibility of disaster, and he wrote—"Should we not, then, have to strike anew for our Indian empire?" His warning was unheeded, and Lord Dalhousie's reign as Governor-General closed in this state of absolute unreadiness.

Many reasons are given by Lord Roberts for the prevalent dissatisfaction with British rule. The rulers of what are known as Independent States were annoyed by interference with their customs and usages, such, for instance, as the choice of their successors by adopting an heir in absence of legitimate children. The insisting upon having a European officer in residence was another fertile cause of dispute with despotic rulers. When the oppression of the people became intolerable, the dethronement of the Rajah and the annexation of the provinces resulted, and the fear of a like fate prevailed widely.

At length the crisis came, when on the introduction of new weapons which required special cartridges the notion was almost universal that the design of the English Government was to compel the natives to lose caste and become Christians, or Infidels, as they deemed them. The Brahmans silently and successfully spread this notion.

Of the events of that time we must refrain from giving any detailed account, but the extent of the rising may be gathered from the follow-

ing facts. Out of seventy-four regiments of sepoy, horse or foot, only eleven remained after the suppression of the mutiny. The others rebelled, in most cases making off after shooting down their European officers. In some places the disaffected regiments were disarmed, and the mutineers had to disperse, without killing their officers or seizing the armouries or the treasury. A notable instance was at Mian-Mir, where there were four native regiments, one of cavalry and three of infantry, while the European portion of the garrison consisted of one weak infantry regiment—the 81st—two troops of Horse Artillery, and four companies of Foot Artillery. This force was

Brigadier  
Corbett.

commanded by Brigadier Corbett, of the Bengal Army. He had been nearly forty years in the service, but he was vigorous and brave. Having heard from Sir Robert Montgomery of the rising at Meerut and Delhi, he resolved at once to disarm the sepoys. A general parade was ordered for the morning of May 18. The secret was kept of what were his intentions, and a ball given to the officers of the 81st on the previous evening was allowed to proceed, notwithstanding the grumbling was great at the order for the early parade next morning.

"When the sepoys were drawn up, it was explained to them in their own language that they were about to be deprived of their arms, in order to put temptation out of their reach, and save them from the disgrace of being led away by the evil example of other corps. Whilst they were being thus addressed, the Horse Artillery and 81st Foot took up a second line immediately in rear of the Native regiments, the guns being quietly loaded with grape during the manoeuvre. The regiments were then directed to change front to the rear, where they found themselves face to face with the British troops. The order was then given to the sepoys to 'pile arms'; one of the regiments hesitated, but only for a moment; resistance was hopeless, and the word of command was sullenly obeyed."

Lord Roberts says that, had other British officers shown the same decision and boldness as Corbett, many a life might have been saved and many a disaster prevented. The officers of the native regiments at Mian-Mir would probably have objected to any sign of doubting the loyalty and fidelity of the sepoys, as the commanders and officers did at Meerut, Delhi, Cawnpore, and all the other scenes of saddest tragedy.

Is there any chance of a similar rising again occurring? This is a momentous question, and Lord Roberts gives his opinion, with the utmost decision, in the negative. The India of to-day is very different from the India of 1857. The native army was then three times more numerous than the British; there were no means of rapid communication; the whole of the forts, arsenals, and magazines were garrisoned by native troops; the chiefs and rulers of all the independent states and nations were afraid of annexation, and were only restrained by fear from openly declaring against us. Now, there is rapid intercourse by rail and road everywhere; the number of native

troops is less, and of British more than double. The means of concentration are so utterly changed that old modes of travelling are forgotten. The 900 miles between Calcutta and Meerut, to give only one instance, can be traversed in as many days as it needed months in the olden time. The amalgamation of the East India Company's troops with those of the Queen has long ago been completed. There is now thorough unity of strength and goodwill throughout the empire, which even the sore calamity of famine will not disturb.

We cannot follow Lord Roberts in all the fields of his service. To most of us in England the forced march to Kandahar was supposed to be the supreme cause of his popularity. But the march upon Kabul in the previous autumn was infinitely more difficult and dangerous. With a comparatively small force, amidst a hostile and warlike people, entirely dependent on the country for supplies, and cut off from communication with India, the march from Kuram to Kabul was a magnificent operation. The force was not half so large as in the celebrated advance to Kandahar, and the fanatical hatred of the Afghans to Europeans was at its height, knowing that the general was intent on avenging the massacre of his fellow-countrymen in the capital, whereas the famous march to Kandahar was with an army of ten thousand, capable of resisting all opposition.

The reward obtained by Roberts for his Kabul and Kandahar exploits was his appointment as commander-in-chief of the Madras army, to be taken up after a projected visit to Europe. The general landed at Dover in November 1880. The return to India was not till the end of 1881, six weeks of the precious furlough being spent in what he calls a wild-geese chase to the Cape of Good Hope and back. He had been nominated, by Mr. Gladstone's Government, Commander of the Forces in South Africa, and Governor of Natal, on the arrival of the news of the disaster of Majuba Hill. Some of his own Kandahar Highlanders were among the troops taken by Sir George Colley on that wretchedly managed affair, and had been shot down with him by the Boers of the Transvaal. He was on his way out to take up his command when peace was made in the most unexpected manner. His stay at Cape Town was limited to twenty-four hours, "the Government being apparently as anxious to get me away as they had been to hurry me out there." Coming back he spent three enjoyable weeks as the guest of the Emperor of Germany. Mr. Childers, then Secretary of State for War, asked him whether he would accept the appointment of Quartermaster-General at the Horse Guards in succession to Sir Garnet Wolseley. It was a tempting offer, but arrangements had been completed for going out to Madras, and thither he now returned.

In Madras the Governor of the Presidency was then Mr. Grant Duff (now Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, G.C.S.I.). Chapters of the book

are filled with records of the work of the four years that followed.

In March 1885 he again went to Calcutta. The Marquis of Ripon had departed, and the Earl of Dufferin reigned in his stead. The political aspect of affairs on the Afghan frontiers had become very unsettled. Russian activity rendered it advisable to increase the army in India by 11,000 British and 12,000 native troops, bringing up the strength of the former to nearly 70,000, with above 400 guns, and of the latter to nearly 130,000 men. In 1885 the welcome news came that Roberts was to be the successor of Sir Donald Stewart as Commander-in-Chief of the army in India. Great changes have since taken place, and long debated questions of frontier have been settled. Lord Roberts feels confident that India is safe, provided due care is taken to avoid the mistakes which in former times nearly lost it. What he accomplished in his position everyone connected with India knows, or may learn from his book. Camps of exercise were established all over the country. Personal visits were made to all the chief stations, and not to British stations only, but also to the capitals of the Independent States, and even to Nepal, Burmah, and other remote regions.

When Lord Roberts was finally about to leave India in 1893—his peerage had been bestowed upon him the year before—there was a succession of farewell meetings and entertainments such as had never been before witnessed on the departure of any European, whether civil or military, in our times. In the Town Hall of Lahore, among the crowds assembled to bid him good-bye there were chiefs from beyond our frontiers, from Kuram, Baluchistan, and even from

the wilds of Waziristan. The Maharajah of Kashmir was conspicuous. Addresses were presented from the Sikh, Hindu, Mohamedan, and European communities of the Punjab. It was altogether a wonderful scene. Lord Roberts describes it as evidencing a general approval of the measures which he had always advocated for the safety and the welfare of the whole of the people of India.

"I feel sure," he says, "that the spirit of loyalty then exhibited will be a revelation to many, and a source of satisfaction to all who are interested in the country to which we owe so much of our present greatness, and which I conceive to be the brightest jewel in England's crown."

It was the same at every place where a visit was made on the way to Calcutta. Lord and Lady Roberts were right nobly received in Nepal, and the Talukdars of Oude, once so hostile, gave also a splendid reception, and presented Lady Roberts with gifts and Lord Roberts with an address and a sword of honour. The Calcutta farewell was signalised by a great gathering worthy of the occasion, and the presentation of an address which bore the amplest testimony to his high qualities. His portrait has since been placed in the Town Hall of that city, and will witness to a future generation the esteem in which he was held by his contemporaries in India.

The dedication of these noteworthy volumes is characteristic: "To the country to which I am so proud of belonging; to the Army to which I am so deeply indebted; and to my wife, without whose loving help my forty-one years in India could not be the happy retrospect it is, I dedicate this book."

JAMES MACAULAY, M.D.



## Science and Discovery.

### RATS AND PLAGUE.

THE connection of rats with the spread of plague is very uncanny, but there is no doubt about the reality of the bond. More than a month before the plague broke out in Bombay rats were dying in thousands in the districts first affected. The great rat mortality was thus a grim herald of approaching disaster. Before and during an epidemic of plague, rats leave their haunts and seek the interiors of houses, where they run about in a dazed way for a time and then die. Woe to the houses which they invade, for Dr. J. Cantlie, who studied the Hong-Kong epidemic of plague on the spot, states that the fact of dead rats

being found about a house at such a time is a true warning that the inmates will in all probability be affected. Pigs, dogs, snakes, jackals, and pigeons are affected while plague is raging among human beings, but rats are the most liable to be attacked, and it is through eating them that other animals are afterwards infected. One important fact, however, remains unexplained: Dr. Cantlie has shown that rats are always affected by a disease similar to plague at the same time as man suffers, and that they infect man, but the means by which the contagion is conveyed is a mystery. Human beings are certainly not infected by eating the rats, as are the animals referred to, but how they really do get the disease has yet to be discovered.



## NEW PROCESSES OF PHOTOGRAPHY IN COLOURS.

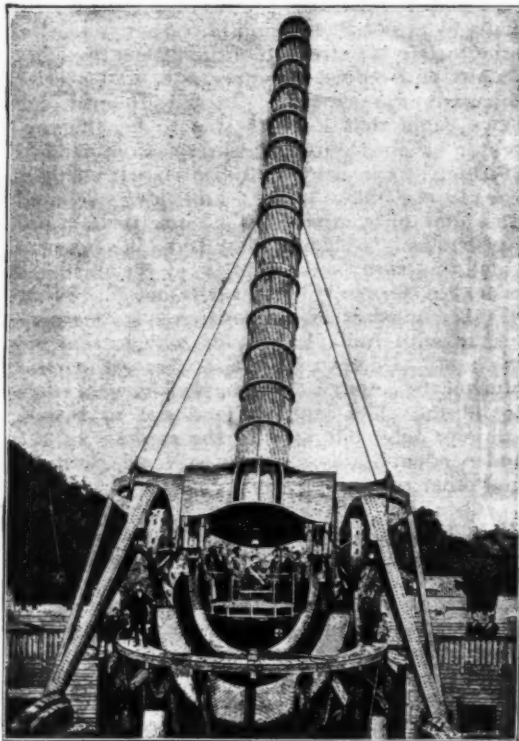
Since the note on colour-photography appeared in the February number of the "*Leisure Hour*," a new solution of this perennial problem of the photographer has been made known, and it must be confessed that the results approach nearer than any other to what is generally understood by colour-photographs. Mons. Chassagne, of Paris, is the inventor of the new process, and although the nature of the material he uses is kept secret, the operations have been performed before such competent critics as Captain Abney and Sir H. T. Wood, Secretary of the Society of Arts, and by repeating them with materials supplied by the inventor, Sir H. T. Wood has himself obtained photographs in natural colours. The *modus operandi* is very simple. A photograph is taken in the ordinary manner upon a sensitive plate which has been passed through a certain solution. From the negative thus obtained a print is taken upon sensitised paper. No trace of colours is seen upon the print at this stage of the process. The picture is then washed over successively with three solutions, one crimson-red, another grass-green, and the third a good blue. The result of this treatment is a picture in which the colours of Nature are pleasingly reproduced. Why the parts of the print representing different colours should select from the solutions their appropriate hues is very difficult to understand, but that such a selection actually does take place is beyond question. The pictures obtained show that the combination of the three primary colours is competent to represent successively some of the most delicate tints of Nature, and much may be expected of a process which gives such good results by simple methods. Even more remarkable than Mons. Chassagne's colour-photographs are some shown by Mr. Bennetto at the Society of Arts quite recently. Mr. Bennetto's pictures are like pleasing water-colour sketches, clear and pure in their tints. Absolutely nothing is known of the process he employs, but his results are marvellous. He seems, indeed, to be able to produce a faithful picture of Nature direct by printing from a negative, and without the use of any coloured solutions or tinted screens.

## A NOVEL ASTRONOMICAL TELESCOPE.

To support or mount a large astronomical telescope satisfactorily, so that it balances in any position, and can be kept moving uniformly in time with the stars, without the expenditure of much power, is just as difficult as the accurate adjustment of the optical parts. A novel form of telescope-mounting which appears to possess many advantages over the types in general use was shown at the Berlin Industrial Exposition last year, and is represented in the accompanying illustration.

The instrument can very easily be set at any required angle, and may then be made to follow the celestial motions by starting machinery controlled by an electric clock. It can be directed right up to the zenith or down to the horizon, and the astronomer, instead of having to climb about in different positions in

order to look through it under such conditions, remains on the little platform under the lower end of the telescope. This is a very great advantage, for when a large telescope is pointing to objects low down, an observer has often to be from a dozen to twenty feet above the floor of the observatory in order to make his observa-



A NEW FORM OF TELESCOPE.

tions. The new form of telescope is intended to be kept in the open air with only the delicate parts covered up. The instrument here illustrated is the property of the Observatory of Grunewald, and it will carry a lens more than a yard in diameter. The lenses have been cast, but are not yet polished, so a little time must elapse before the telescope is in working order.

## THE BORING OF A CORAL ISLAND.

In the Pacific and Indian Oceans are numerous great banks of limestone formed by the remains of myriads of coral colonies. One type of coral reef, the atoll, consists of a ring of coral rising out of the ocean and enclosing a lagoon of comparatively shallow and calm water, while the outer face of the ring is buffeted by the waves. The mode of formation of such coral islands has long been a matter of discussion. The animals whose calcareous framework build up coral reefs cannot thrive, it is supposed, below a depth of about 120 feet. Accepting this limit, it is difficult to explain the existence of dead coral upon the ocean bed at much greater depths. Darwin suggested that atolls are founded upon subsiding parts of the ocean.



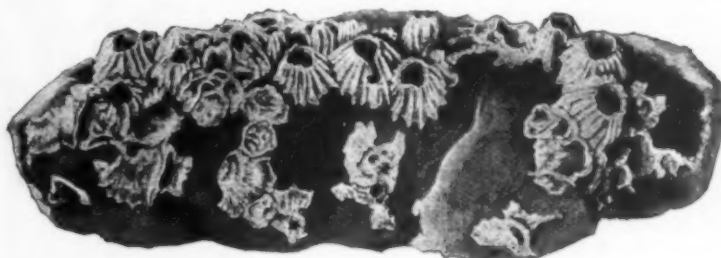
floor. When the rocky foundation was within 120 feet of the ocean surface, the little coral-builders fixed themselves upon it, and as the foundation sank they kept pace with the subsidence, so that the reef was maintained at sea level. This theory has of late years been losing ground, and in its place the view has gained acceptance that atolls are founded on submarine peaks and ridges which have been brought near the surface by volcanic action, or by the accumulation of the remains of organisms able to live below a depth of 120 feet. To test the rival theories, the Royal Society sent Professor Sollas last year to make a boring of Funafuti, a typical atoll in the Pacific, north of the Fiji group. What was required to know was whether the living coral was actually growing on dead coral and coral *débris*, on the remains of other organisms, or upon a differently constituted rocky platform. The results of the investigations have just been published, but unfortunately they are negative ones. Two borings were made to depths of about a hundred feet, but they could not be carried any farther on account of quicksand, which choked the bore-holes. Incidentally, however, some important facts have been obtained, and one of them is that reef-building corals seem to be able to live in deeper water than has hitherto been supposed, so that all the theories of atoll-formation may have to be reconstructed.

#### THE ALLEGED OCCURRENCE OF FROGS IN BLOCKS OF STONE.

The occurrence of living frogs and toads enclosed in blocks of rock or stone, or in clay many feet below the surface of the ground, has often been reported, but never substantiated. Dr. R. H. Traquair, keeper of the Natural History Collection in the Museum of Science and Art, Edinburgh, has examined this delusion, among others, and he puts all such reports down to want of power of accurate observation. A stone is being broken, a frog is seen hopping about close to the place, and forthwith the lively imagination of the quarryman persuades him that he has seen it actually come out of a cavity in the rock. Dean Buckland made experiments for the purpose of ascertaining how long frogs and toads could live shut up in cavities of stone and excluded from air and food, with the result that most of them were dead within a year, and none survived more than two years. Yet frogs are alleged to have been found enclosed in rocks which, geology teaches, were deposited under water millions of years ago, and afterwards subjected to a pressure which has crushed all the fossils contained in them as flat as paper. If geology is right, the frog stories are utterly incredible. Or, as Dr. Traquair puts it, the blow of the hammer that disclosed a live frog inside a block of stone without an opening would at the same time destroy not only geology but the whole fabric of natural science.

#### AMBER AND ITS CONTENTS.

A very interesting account of the origin, properties, occurrence, and distribution of amber, by Dr. H. Conwentz, appeared in a recent number of *Natural Science*, from which source the subjoined picture has been reproduced. Different fossil gums and resins are found in various parts of the world, but they all



pass under the general name of amber. The variety of amber not unfrequently found on the coasts of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex, especially in the neighbourhood of Cromer, is known as succinite; and if it has been for some time in the sea it may be covered with small living marine plants and animals. The accompanying illustration, for instance, represents a specimen of English amber covered on one side with about thirty shells partly containing the animals which inhabit them. It is well known that amber sometimes has fragments of wood, small leaves, and various kinds of insects enclosed in it. When the origin of amber is considered, it is easy to account for these preserved organisms of a past age. As the amber-producing resin trickled out from the trees and ran over the bark, little animals were caught upon it, and small leaves, flowers, seeds, or other things were blown against it by the wind, to become enclosed by the next flow. Many insects, plants, small feathers and hairs of mammals have been found thus embedded in the fossil resin, and preserved to the present day in their transparent tomb. The trees from which the resin exuded were pines, firs, and other conifers, so that, as Dr. Conwentz points out, the people in the amber district of England are even now surrounded by a vegetation partly resembling that of the amber period.

#### REMARKABLE ANT HILLS.

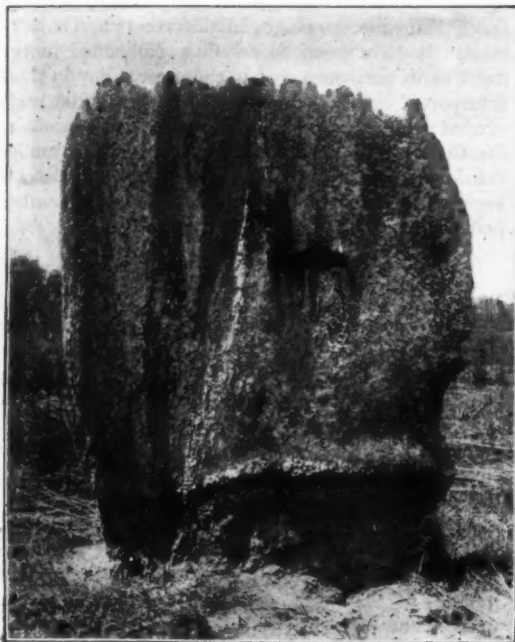
The Termites, or white ants, are remarkable for their eminently destructive habits, and for the immense size and curious shapes of the nest-mounds which they construct. The huge edifices raised by certain of the tropical African species have been the subject of graphic description and illustration in natural-history works since the first record by Henry Smeathman in 1781, and whose original account and delineations have, as a matter of fact, been reproduced with no essential variations up to the present time. A large amount of new and interesting information upon the habits and mounds of the white ants has, however, just been made known by Mr. W. Saville-Kent in a richly illustrated work entitled "The Naturalist in Australia,"

published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. Mr Saville-Kent shows that the Australian continent produces ants that rival Africa in the huge proportions and architectural features of the nest-mounds they build. One type of ant met with in the vicinity of Port Darwin raises a groined columnar structure of the character shown in the accompanying illustration, reduced from a photograph. These mounds sometimes reach a height of eighteen feet. Some species of the white ants build mounds roughly in the shape of pyramids, and others erect structures shaped like hay-cocks. The most remarkable mounds figured and described by Mr. Saville-Kent are, however, built by the so-called "meridian" ants met with inland from Port Darwin, and in the Laura Valley, North Queensland. These mounds are like a slab of sandstone, being much longer than they are thick. But the extraordinary peculiarity about them is that they are built with their lengths lying due north and south. A broadside view and an end-on view of a mound of this character is shown here, by the courtesy of Mr. Saville-Kent. It is suggested that the mounds are built with this aspect because they then present the least possible amount of exposure to the noon-day rays of the tropical sun, and in consequence absorb and retain a minimum amount of solar heat. But whatever the explanation may be, the fact that certain ants point their mounds due north and south is very remarkable. Many other singular objects in Australia, that land of strange natural history, are described in Mr. Saville-Kent's new book.

R. A. GREGORY.



ANT MOUND EIGHTEEN FEET HIGH (PORT DARWIN, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.)



North

(Broadside View)

South



(End View)

MERIDIAN VARIETY OF ANT MOUND. (PORT DARWIN, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.)



## Continental and American Notes.

Modern  
French.

No people are more in love with their own language than the French. Although the exigencies of modern life have compelled them to recognise the material and social advantages to be derived from an extensive familiarity with other European tongues, it has been slowly and regretfully that they have allowed themselves to be drawn into the movement of the age which tends towards polyglottism and the blending of idioms. When one notices how the French language has suffered during the last quarter of a century from the introduction of foreign words—chiefly English—that are now currently used by Paris journalists, one is bound to admit that there was something besides prejudice in the old argument that French was the only living language that Frenchmen could profitably study. Their firm belief in the absolute perfection of their own idiom for all the purposes of literature and life has undoubtedly helped to render it that remarkably supple and yet precise vehicle of expression which it is universally admitted to be. On the occasion of the official reception of the Marquis Costa de Beauregard as a member of the French Academy, M. Edouard Hervé, a conservative in all things, spoke of the language of his country with an enthusiasm which is not the less pleasant to note because it is now rather old-fashioned. The following passage may be quoted: "The establishment of a universal language is a chimerical scheme. Nations tend more and more to place their own idiom in the first position. For more than two centuries our language was in use everywhere. No more than to-day was there a universal language then, but side by side with national idioms there was an international tongue freely adopted as a sort of intellectual country for the good of humanity." M. Hervé evidently does not claim for the French language such a distinction now, although the number of foreigners more or less familiar with it must be far greater than in the last century. The change has been brought about by the mighty increase of the Anglo-Saxon race, both in the old and the new world, and the consequent impossibility of keeping up the tradition of the sufficiency of the French language for all international purposes.

Russia and  
the Papacy.

An announcement of great importance which has not received the attention it deserves is that M. Charikoff, the Russian political agent at Sofia, has been appointed the Tsar's representative at the Vatican. M. Charikoff is one of the most gifted and brilliant of the

younger school of Russian diplomatists. He first came into public notice as Russian agent at the Court of the Emir of Bokhara, where he made firm and fast the power of Russia, and practically annexed that country to the Tsar's empire. He was afterwards first secretary at Constantinople, and on Prince Ferdinand's change of front he was appointed to the difficult post at Sofia. M. Charikoff, who has a brilliant career before him, received the greater part of his education in Edinburgh, and speaks English perfectly. He is, moreover, a warm friend of Englishmen and English institutions. His appointment to the Vatican marks a new departure in Russian diplomatic relations with the Pope. The troubles with the Polish Catholic clergy have always been a trying question at the Russian Foreign Office. The irreconcilable attitude of the clergy has been frequently supported from Rome, which has stoutly defended their rights, especially their claim to the use of the Polish language in the ecclesiastical seminaries. It is believed that M. Charikoff's mission will be to bring about a better understanding on the various details of the great Polish question. If he succeeds he will have done much to reconcile the Poles to Russian rule, for their chief grievance is that the church is oppressed.

A New  
Republic.

A new Republic has come into being on the American Continent. It comprises the States of Honduras, Salvador, and Nicaragua, and is the outcome of the fourth attempt in the course of this century to unite the small Republics of Central America. The beginning of the new Republic dates from May 1895, when Nicaragua and Honduras obliterated the commercial barriers which had hitherto divided the two countries. It was then agreed that these two Republics should exert their influence with the other Central American States to bring about a general union. So far only Salvador has responded to the appeals of Honduras and Nicaragua, and the work begun in 1895 will not be complete until Costa Rica and Guatemala are of the Union. Then the Federated States will be known as the Republic of Central America; for the present the title of the new Republic is the Confederation of Honduras, Salvador, and Nicaragua. The governing body of the new Republic is a Diet composed of representatives from each of the three States. There is no capital city. The Diet meets in turn in each of the capitals of the States forming the Republic. Each State regulates its own internal affairs. The Diet



appoints the Ministers to foreign capitals, and generally manages the external relations of the Republic. So far as population is concerned, Salvador is the most important of the States. It has 800,000 people, of whom not more than 20,000 are whites, or persons of European descent. Honduras has a population of 450,000, mostly of Indian and negro origin. Including uncivilised Indians, of whom there are about 40,000, the population of Nicaragua is estimated at 380,000.

Immigration  
Limitation.

The extent to which the United States now discriminate in admitting immigrants is shown in the last annual report of the Commissioner-General of Immigration. During the year 1895-6, 343,267 immigrants arrived at the receiving stations at the ports. Of these 340,468 were permitted to land. The others were refused a landing, and were carried back at the expense of the steamship companies to the European ports from which they had embarked. Of the immigrants who were thus rejected, 776 were debarred solely because they had made contracts with American employers of labour before they left Europe. Since 1885 all such contracts have been illegal, and when discovered they invariably result in the immigrants who have made them being sent back to the countries whence they have come. Notwithstanding the disagreeable risks that attend them, as the figures show, large numbers of these contracts are made. At all the immigrant ports there are Federal officers on the look-out for new-comers who have made such contracts, and much energy and ingenuity of the detective kind are exercised in discovering what are known in America as contract labourers. The other 2,023 persons who were not permitted to land were people who, from age, infirmity, or mental incapacity, seemed to be incapable of taking care of themselves, and likely to become public charges. Of the total number of immigrants, 212,466 were males, and 130,801 females. Nearly twenty-nine per cent. of the immigrants over fourteen years of age could neither read nor write. Of these illiterates 31,374 were from Italy, which is now sending more immigrants to America than any other country. From Russia there were 12,816; from Hungary, 12,154; from Bohemia, 6,107; and from Ireland, 2,473. As compared with the preceding ten years, there was in 1895-6 a falling off in immigration of over 21 per cent., or to give the total, 91,818. In recent years there has been a marked change in the character of the immigration to America. But a small proportion of the immigrants now go upon the land. The immigrants from Italy and from the countries of central and eastern Europe mostly stay in the cities or go to the mines, and a very large proportion of those from Italy do not make their homes in America. They get together a little money by several years of hard work and

extreme self-denial, and then return to their own country. No Chinese immigrants are now permitted to land in the United States. Their exclusion dates from 1882, and on several occasions since then Congress has passed measures making the Chinese exclusion laws more drastic and comprehensive. There are still over 100,000 Chinamen in the United States; but the number is gradually decreasing, as no Chinaman who leaves the country is allowed to come back, unless he has left a wife, or can prove that he owns property in America to the value of £200, or has debts to the same amount due to him.

Artistic Occu-  
pations for the  
Insane.

The Conseil Général de la Seine lately sanctioned the expenditure of 400 fr. on artists' materials for the use of the inmates of the asylum for the insane at Ville-Evrard. The publicity given to this fact might in the absence of explanation lead to the erroneous conclusion that a very large proportion of those who suffer from mental disease belong to the artistic profession. What, however, has been placed beyond all doubt by Dr. Marandol de Montyel, the physician in charge of the Ville-Evrard asylum, is that a considerable proportion of those who are afflicted with mania show a marked aptitude for painting and drawing, although there may have been nothing in their past lives to account for it. Dr. Marandol de Montyel found that such patients derive great solace and satisfaction when provided with the means of doing artistic work, and that this occupation, by fixing the attention in normal ways of thought, favours the recovery of the reason. Strange to say, only in one instance—that of a patient who in drawing a stag made the antlers appear to grow from the lower jaw—has the artistic work thus produced at Ville-Evrard borne any mark of insanity. In several cases a high degree of proficiency in drawing and painting has been attained by those who were never known to touch a pencil before they entered the asylum. The art classes at Ville-Evrard have, in fact, produced surprising results, and the system is likely to be adopted elsewhere.

Finland and  
Russia.

A serious question which is surely coming to the front is the relation of the Russian Government to Finland. For some years past, notably under the *régime* of the present Governor-General, Count Heyden, Russia has been steadily at work Russianising the northern grand-duchy over which she holds sway. The railways have been Russianised, Russ having become the official language. The schools are fast becoming Russian, as no teacher can now be appointed to any position until he has passed a satisfactory examination in Russ; and the University of Helsingfors is being fast filled with professors friendly to Russia. The Finn, a freedom-loving people, are simmering with discontent.



## Varieties.

**Premonitions.** That beliefs and impressions are often conveyed to the mind in ways inexplicable we all know. Some remarkable examples of dreams and premonitions are recorded by Lord Roberts in his book about India. The first occurred in his early life when he went up to Peshawur to join his father, Sir Abraham Roberts, then in command at that station. The General had issued invitations to a ball, to take place on October 17, 1853. Two days before, at breakfast, he seemed strangely quiet and depressed, which was so unusual a thing that his young son and aide-de-camp asked what was the matter. He said he had been disturbed by a dream of the death of his sister at Lahore. He said that the impression was so strong that he felt inclined to postpone the dance. His son, in the course of the day, persuaded him not to give heed to the dream, as so much vexation, if not ridicule, would result if nothing came of the dream. But that night the dream was repeated, and next morning Sir Abraham insisted on sending letters that the ball was to be postponed. On the following day the post brought the tidings of the death of the sister at Lahore, with whom Arthur had stopped on his way from Calcutta to Peshawur. Her death was sudden, and no one had any idea of her being ill.

A still more memorable case of what we call premonition, not a dream but a wakeful impression, occurred in the case of Lord Roberts himself. He was at Kabul just before the famous forced march to Kandahar. Nothing had been heard of the rebellion of Ayub Khan or of the disastrous defeat of General Burrough at Maiwand. He had arranged to go to see the Khyber Pass and other places famous in Afghan history. He was to have started next morning, and had he gone the tidings of the Maiwand disaster would have arrived too late for his action. But that night he had an irresistible and irrepressible impression on his mind—a *premonition* he calls it—not to leave Kabul.

**Thirteen at Dinner-Table.** There is a superstitious objection to sitting down to dinner when the number is thirteen. Lord Roberts records a remarkable fact. When he was at Peshawur, as aide-de-camp to his father, General Sir Abraham Roberts, there was a separate mess for all the staff officers, of whom there were thirteen at the time. They all usually dined together. "Eleven years after," says Roberts, "we were all alive, nearly the whole of the party having been through the whole time of the Mutiny, and five or six having been wounded." Unless on the principle that "the exception proves the rule," this survival of these thirteen, not merely for a year but for eleven years, in such perilous times, is an extraordinary fact, and is far more effective than any record of the "Thirteen Club," in regard to the dread of having thirteen at table.

"Copenhagen,"  
Wellington's  
Charger.

Among the chargers brought over by General Grosvenor was a mare, which proved to be in foal, and, after her safe return to England, produced a colt, which was named "Copenhagen." This horse being afterwards sold to Major-General Sir Charles Stewart, was taken by him to the Peninsula, and when that officer quitted the army in 1813, on the death of his first wife, it was sold, and became the property of the Duke of Wellington. At Vittoria and other battles his Grace used no other charger, and it became a great favourite with him. That horse also carried the Duke throughout the glorious day of Waterloo, when it is said he bore him for eighteen hours on his back, and when at length released at its close gave no sign of fatigue. He was of a full rich chestnut colour, with a strong dash of the Arab in his appearance, and showed at all times an endurance of work that was very remarkable. He died in 1835 at the age of twenty-seven, and was buried at Strathfieldsaye with military honours. His mane and tail furnished a great many rings, brooches, and bracelets, which were presented by the great commander to enthusiastic ladies; so that this celebrated charger obtained a renown which will probably long continue.—*Sir Edward Cus's "Military Annals."*

Queen  
Victoria's  
Crown.

Whatever alterations may have been made during the long reign, it may be interesting to read the description of the Imperial State Crown used at the Coronation, as given by Professor Tennant, mineralogist to the Queen: "The Imperial State Crown of Queen Victoria was made by Messrs. Rundell and Bridge in the year 1838, with jewels taken from old crowns and others furnished by command of Her Majesty. It consists of diamonds, pearls, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds set in silver and gold; it has a crimson velvet cap with ermine border, and is lined with white silk. Its gross weight is 39 oz. 5 dwts. troy. The lower part of the band, above the ermine border, consists of a row of 129 pearls, and the upper part of the band of a row of 112 pearls, between which, in front of the crown, is a large sapphire (partly drilled) purchased for the crown by King George IV. At the back is a sapphire of smaller size, and six other sapphires (three on each side), between which are eight emeralds. Above and below the seven sapphires are fourteen diamonds, and around the eight emeralds 128 diamonds. Between the emeralds and the sapphires are sixteen trefoil ornaments, containing 160 diamonds. Above the band are eight sapphires, surmounted by eight diamonds, between which are eight festoons consisting of 148 diamonds. In the front of the crown, and in the centre of a diamond Maltese cross, is the famous ruby said to have been given to Edward, Prince of Wales, son of Edward III, called the 'Black Prince,' by Don Pedro, King of Castile, after the battle of Poitiers."

There lately passed away, at the age of eighty-seven, the last of the sons of the famous philanthropist, Elizabeth Fry, himself also with a good record of works of kindness and beneficence. Mr. Joseph Fry lived at Plashet House, Upton Park, Essex. Here were preserved the manuscript journals of Mrs. Fry, and other relics of the Gurney and Fry families. When the old mansion was razed to the ground some ten or twelve years ago, having been bought by a building company, a small portion of the ground was retained in order to build the present St. Stephen's Church as a memorial of Elizabeth Fry's connection with the district. One of her daughters, Katherine Fry, was the historian of West Ham, now a huge suburb of London. Joseph Fry was made a J.P. for Essex more than sixty years ago, and later he was a Deputy-Lieutenant of the county and High Steward of the Liberty of Havering-atte-Bower, which included Romford and Hornchurch, where Mr. J. Fry resided for the last thirty years of his life. He assisted in the preparation of the biographical memoir of his mother, which is the first of the tracts published by the Religious Tract Society under the title of "Excellent Women."

In that delightful gossip book, *Comforting for Bald Heads*, "Reminiscences of Luigi Arditi," the celebrated composer and conductor, there is one anecdote which may give consolation not to musicians alone, but to all people afflicted with baldness. At New York, the manager of the Opera House offered S. Arditi the gift of the most costly *baton* ever known if he would get Madame Alboni to sing in Norma. He knew that they were great friends, and the consent of the soprano singer was readily obtained. Arditi was then only thirty-three years of age, and had for ten years been engaged along with Bottesini and other Italians at Havanna, having left his native Piedmont when very young. Unfortunately he became bald at an early age, and had to wear a wig when acting as conductor. At the first rehearsal in New York he wore his wig before Alboni. She burst into laughter, and declared she must do the same if he wore a wig in Norma. So he appeared in his natural bald pate, and the whole affair was a great success. The wig was ever afterwards dispensed with, and he appeared for many a year in London—in fact, for forty years, from the time of Mr. Gye at old Covent Garden till our own day. But to return to the New York *baton*. It was a magnificent rod, with a golden Apollo at the top. He used it once only. The head flew off during a critical point of leading, and severely struck a principal member of the orchestra. The offending *baton* was laid aside among other curiosities, and a simple rod ever after used. An amusing incident once occurred in New York. Going into a bank to get a cheque cashed, the cashier said he could not pay without some sufficient introduction. "Do you ever go to concerts?" said Arditi. Then taking off his hat and turning his back to the bank clerk, the bald conductor was at once recognised unmistakably, and he got his cheque cashed.

Hatching salmon or trout is quite easy, and requires only the simplest appliances. A dozen or two of fertilised eggs nearly ready to hatch can be had of any fish culturist for a very small sum, and some glass rods (obtainable at a chemist's) can be placed in a frame so that the eggs will lie in rows between them. This frame, or "grill" as it is called, is fixed in a water-tight box; and the whole put under a tap, so that cold water runs slowly over them as constantly as possible.

The dealers will supply you with ready-made grills, and also with tanks, either of wood or earthenware, but this will be more costly, chiefly on account of the carriage. Any carpenter can make the box required, which is just like those used for flowers in windows, only with a hole at each end near the top. It should be charred inside, as a preventive of disease among the little fish. These creatures, which may be watched in the egg struggling to get out, are exceedingly interesting to the naturalist, carrying, as they do, their bags of food about with them for some weeks, in the shape of yolk sacs much exceeding the fish in size at first.

When they have absorbed this it is necessary to feed them, either on the tiny insects which are found on the weeds in streams, or on grated liver or hard-boiled egg. But to succeed in bringing them past this point you must have a book on the subject, and a lot of skill and patience besides.—J. P. T.

**Astronomical Notes for April.** The Sun rises at Greenwich on the 1st day at 5h. 37m. in the morning, and sets at 6h. 31m. in the evening; on the 15th he rises at 5h. 6m. and sets at 6h. 54m. The Moon will be New at 4h. 24m. on the morning of the 2nd; enter her First Quarter at 8h. 27m. on that of the 10th; become Full at 6h. 25m. on that of the 17th; and enter her Last Quarter at 9h. 48m. on the evening of the 23rd. She will be in apogee, or farthest from the earth, about 2 o'clock on the morning of the 5th, and in perigee, or nearest us, about 9 o'clock on the evening of the 17th; on the latter date, being also that of the Full Moon in the morning, exceptionally high tides may be expected. The planet Mercury will be at greatest eastern elongation from the Sun on the 28th, and will therefore be visible in the evening after sunset during the latter part of the month; situated in the constellation Taurus, he will be very near the Pleiades on the 27th. Venus is still visible in the evening at the beginning of the month in the constellation Aries, and will be near the small crescent Moon on the 4th; but she will set earlier each night, and gradually cease to be perceptible, being in inferior conjunction with the Sun on the 28th. Mars continues to decrease in brilliancy, but will be visible during the first half of the night in the constellation Gemini. Jupiter is nearly stationary in the western part of Leo, due south at 9 o'clock in the evening on the 9th inst., and at 8 o'clock on the 24th. Saturn rises now about 10 o'clock in the evening and earlier as the month advances; he is situated in the western part of the constellation Scorpio.—W. T. LYNN

# The Fireside Club.

## AN EVENING WITH JANE AUSTEN.

(Give chapter and book for each answer.)

1. Name the characters intended to represent Pride, Prejudice, Sense, and Sensibility.
2. Describe an exploring party.
3. Who was once in the unpleasant position of "being in the same room with the woman he had just married, the woman he had wanted to marry, and the woman he had been expected to marry?" How did he behave?
4. Name the persons by whom the following characteristic speeches were made:
  - (a) "If I know myself, mine is an active mind, with a great many resources."
  - (b) "No, my dear, I never encouraged anybody to marry, but I would always wish to pay every proper attention to a lady, and a bride especially is not to be neglected. More is avowedly due to her."
  - (c) "A poor widow, hardly able to live, between thirty and forty: a mere Mrs. Smith, an everyday Mrs. Smith, of all people and of all names in the world to be the chosen friend of —, and to be preferred by her to her own family connections among the nobility of England and Ireland! Mrs. Smith! Such a name!"
5. Name two ladies who felt "much the better of a little quiet cheerfulness," and give their ideas of what constitutes this.
6. What two qualities did Frederick Wentworth require in his wife?
7. Quote two or more passages to show the opinions commonly held in the days of Jane Austen with regard to ladies working to support themselves.
8. Who are described as follows:
  - (a) "a good-humoured, fat, elderly woman, who talked a great deal, seemed very happy, and rather vulgar."
  - (b) "neither tall nor fat, had a squareness, uprightness, and vigour of form which gave importance to her person. Her manners were open, easy, and decided, like one who had no distrust of herself, and no doubts of what to do?"
9. Of whom are we told: "As far as walking, talking, and contriving reached, she was thoroughly benevolent, and nobody knew better how to dictate liberality to others; but her love of money was equal to her love of directing, and she knew quite as well how to save her own as to spend that of her friends?" And on what occasion was she "entirely taken up at first in fresh arranging and injuring the noble fire which the butler had prepared"?

10. Who said:

- (a) "Thank your uncle, William, thank your uncle!"
  - (b) "I come in three times, and have two-and-forty speeches. That's something, is not it?"
  - (c) "He knows that human nature needs more lessons than a weekly sermon can convey; and that if he does not live among his parishioners, and prove himself, by constant attention, their well-wisher and friend, he does very little either for their good or his own."
11. What duty always interested Rebecca beyond any other?
12. Describe (within 200 words) what you consider to be the most notable characteristics of Miss Austen's works.

*Two Book prizes, to the value of Half a Guinea each, will be given for the two best papers in answer to these questions—the winners to choose their own books.*

## GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

(Answer in short descriptive poem.)

1. A city famed for learning long ago,  
And for a light to guide ships to and fro.
2. Here the past still lives and reigns,  
Forgotten amidst Moorish plains.
3. Mid forests thick a lofty mountain stands,  
Whence two great rivers rise to sweep across the land.
4. Swept down the savage horde, cruel, merciless,  
but brave,  
And turned the camp beneath this hill to one vast grave.
5. Rescued from perils great and stormy sea,  
Sailors with thankful hearts have named thee.
6. Men found this lake with toil and pain,  
And gave to it a good man's name

WHOLE.

Within my whole these six are found,  
A mighty land by oceans bound.

## SHAKESPEARIAN ACROSTIC.

THIRD OF THREE.

1. *This steed*, though weary, yet pursues the way,  
Certain to win, though on a distant day.
2. For stake as slight as *this* a wight of courage high  
Risks health and life, fears not to do or die.

3. *Thy* poet sings  
Of many things,  
Of broken friendship, or man's short-spun life,  
Yet every theme  
With *thy* beloved name is rife,  
He cannot dream  
Of aught apart from *thee*, his future wife.
4. Meek service shall be rendered  
Unto one, by three,  
And *this* the third shall offer  
Full reverently.
5. *This*, sent in error, wrought the sender's doom,  
Who lost all it contained, and gained a tomb.
6. To answer *thee* one came, but so disguised  
On wings of fear love instant fled, surprised.
7. No mother, since our mother Eve, *his* mother  
cries,  
Has had a son so dear as *he*, and now *he* dies.

## WHOLE.

In vision named, *this flower* lies ground,  
Lost when in bud, and in its blooming found.

*Find Act and Scene as well as the words required in the above references. Solvers' names for the first two acrostics of this series are registered, and prizes will be awarded when this month's answers have been received.*

AN EVENING WITH ANTHONY  
TROLLOPE (page 270).

## ANSWERS.

1. Olivia Proudie and Mr. Slope ("Barchester Towers").
2. Archdeacon Grantly, of Plumstead Episcopi; Mr. Arabin, of St. Ewold's; Mr. Quiverful, of Puddingdale; Mr. Harding, of St. Cuthbert's; and Mr. Crawley, of Hoggstock (see "Barchester Towers" and "Last Chronicle of Barset").
3. John Hiram founded the hospital in 1434. John Bold was the reformer. The warden resigned. Sir Abraham Haphazard was consulted, and gave a safely ambiguous opinion. Finally a bill was passed, twelve old women, in addition to the old men, were admitted to the charity, and a matron, steward, and new warden appointed (see "The Warden").
4. Johnny Eames "determined that he would not even sully his lips with speaking of Sir Raffle's boots" ("Small House at Allington").
5. Doctor Pessimist Anticant, probably intended for Carlyle (in "The Warden"); Mr. Plomacy (in "Barchester Towers"); Amelia Roper (in the "Small House at Allington"); and "The talented Member for Crewe Junction" (in "Framley Parsonage").
6. Miss Thorne, of Ullathorne, for whom the names of "Hengist and Horsa and suchlike" had the only true savour of nobility ("Barchester Towers").
7. Mr. Moulder was the carver; the guests were Mr. Kantwise, John Kenneby, and Smugfield, and their philosophy is strongly but fitly described as being that of "pigs, of the sty of Epicurus" ("Orley Farm").
8. Lucy Robarts, Lord Lufton forgave her ("Framley Parsonage").
9. Lady Mason, having long ago committed forgery as to her husband's will, confessed to Sir Peregrine Orme, to prevent his marrying her, and so sharing her disgrace ("Orley Farm").
10. The writers of both the prize papers chose Mrs. Proudie as the character to describe in quotations. The most comprehensive sentence which was quoted by both is the following: "It cannot be said that she was a bad woman, though she had in her time done an indescribable amount of evil; she had endeavoured to do good, failing partly by ignorance, and partly from the effects of an unbridled, ambitious temper" ("The Last Chronicle of Barset").

The best replies have come from M. ARNOLD and MRS. LARDEN.

MODERN HISTORICAL ACROSTIC—  
"FOR VALOUR."

The initials are taken from Firket, Onward, Rorke's Drift, Victoria, Alma, Lucknow, Omdurman, Union, Roberts

The following are the best verses received describing the whole:

## I.

When Britain's soldier sons her cause maintain  
With stern endurance, or intrepid deed,  
When all are brave, what shall the bravest gain?  
The cross "For Valour" is the hero's meed.

W. W. SMITH.

## II.

Or on the bleak Crimea's rocky heights,  
On India's sultry plains, or Egypt's sands,  
In every place where Tommy Atkins fights  
(And well and fierce he fights, with willing hands),  
Brave deeds of heroism oft are seen,  
The colours saved, or comrade, sorely pressed;  
Then does Victoria, our gracious Queen,  
Place her own cross "For Valour" on his breast.

TOUCHSTONE.

The names for the Shakespearian Acrostic given in March (see page 340) are as follows:

- Caliban . . . "Tempest," Act One, Scene Two.  
Launcelot . . . "Merchant of Venice," Act Two, Scene Two.  
Oberon . . . "Midsummer Night's Dream," Act Three, Scene Two.  
William . . . "As You Like It," Act Five, Scene One.  
Nurse . . . "Romeo and Juliet," Act Two, Scene Five.  
The WHOLE is CLOWN . . . "Twelfth Night," Act Two, Scene Three.

IMPORTANT RULES.—I. No person may take more than one prize in each class in one year, but may be commended.

II. Editor's decision final. No private correspondence possible.

III. Every competition sent in, whether for a prize or not, must have name and address attached, and be distinctly written. All must be received by the 20th of the month, having "Leisure Hour Competitions" written outside the envelope. Answers appear here, and the prize list will be found among the advertisements.



